

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World

Number 410

Week Ending  
JANUARY 29, 1927

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Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

## NEWS AWAITING A SLEEPING TORTOISE

### MIDNIGHT IN THE MOUNTAIN PASS

#### WHAT A FAITHFUL DOG DID

#### The Brave Journey of Nigger of Little Squaw

#### A DAY'S WORK IN ALASKA

A dog called Nigger is being made a great fuss of at a place which bears the romantic name of Little Squaw, Alaska. Nigger deserves all the honours that can be paid to a dog, for had it not been for him two men might very possibly have lost their lives.

These two men were miners, working at some distance from Little Squaw. Nigger was with them, amusing himself by hunting out all the smells that interested him, scampering about here and there, and waiting for the men to go home. Then he would go with them to the house of his master, Oscar, a miner who lives at Little Squaw. Night was already falling.

#### Nigger Has Something to Do

Suddenly something happened; there was a terrible noise and then a terrible silence. Then came groans. Nigger did not understand. He could not know that a box of detonators had exploded, but he did know that two of his friends were hurt. They were groaning again and talking in short gasps. One lay holding his arm across his face; the other was crumpled up in a heap.

Nigger waited a while and then gave a short bark as if to say: "At any rate, I'm here." No one replied. Time passed. Nigger knew that he could not leave the men. He came closer and barked again. Then he knew that they were speaking of him. He knew they were thinking of him, and that he had something to do presently. One of the men pulled himself up and searched, with slow, painful movements, through his pockets until he found a scrap of paper and a pencil. The other lay still, with his arm over his face.

#### What the Queer Voice Said

"Here, Nigger," said the man, in a voice that was not at all like everyday. Nigger came obediently up, and waited while the hands, working slowly and unsteadily, succeeded in tying something to his collar.

"Good dog, Nigger! Now go home!" said the queer voice.

Nigger wagged his tail and stood a minute. Again came the insistent order, and Nigger knew that there was something wrong and he had to go. He turned and ran a little way, and then came back. No one knew better than he that pass across the Brook Mountain, and he hated the idea of going alone in the darkness of the night. But again came that order—Home, Nigger! There was something in the voice that got into Nigger's heart. He turned away and began his long journey home.

### The Riders in the Row



Boys and girls may often be seen on horseback in Rotten Row, the splendid riding-track in Hyde Park, London, and this picture shows two sisters setting off for their morning gallop. They are mounting from a stone mounting-block.

No human being can ever know just what that dog went through, making a journey over a 3000-foot pass in the bitter midnight of the Frozen North. Men safe in the town said to each other "It will be 40 below, zero in the pass tonight," and were glad to be at home out of the bitter cold.

On the frozen track went the faithful messenger, a moving speck beneath the glittering stars. There were scents and sounds abroad that made the hair stiffen on his backbone, and more than once a growl rose in his throat. Midnight was long past before Nigger had come to the end of his journey of love and fidelity.

Oscar the miner, fast asleep in bed, was slowly awakened by a curious sound. The scratching went on, and in a few minutes Oscar was wide awake and knew that something strange had happened. He opened the door and let in the weariest dog that had been seen in Little Squaw for some time. He was white with frost, his hair matted into

icicles. He lay down at his master's feet with a tired grunt, as if to say "And now I'd like some supper."

Oscar was looking at him in a puzzled way. Then he spied the note. The words, painfully written, were: *Come Both seriously injured. Explosion.*

Oscar immediately flung on his clothes and hastily strode out. In a few minutes a couple of men had set out with a sledge and a team of dogs to the rescue of the miners. The crippled men were brought back on the sledge. When it was seen how seriously they were injured a wireless message was sent from the new station at Little Squaw to another in Alaska for an aeroplane to fetch the men to hospital.

We are glad to know that these workers in the hard life of the Arctic are being nursed back to health; and we like to think just how happy and proud Nigger would be when his master made it quite clear to him that he had done very well and had earned a good supper and a good sleep.

### SURPRISE FOR A MOTHER FAST ASLEEP

#### OLD DULWICH HAS A NEW TORTOISE

#### A Famous Little Reptile Creeps Out of an Egg

#### SECRET THE MOTHER DOES NOT KNOW

A mother tortoise has surprised us, and we shall in due time surprise that mother tortoise.

Our surprise is that a baby tortoise has hatched from her egg; her surprise will be, when she wakes up in the spring, to find that the baby tortoise we all know about now is hers.

One tortoise more or less in a land which has fifty thousand new ones every year should not seem a matter for great excitement, yet this one is very exciting, for, so far as is known, it is the first tortoise ever born in England!

#### When Winter Came

The mother was bought last year from a hawker, who had obtained it from the importer, and was turned loose in a Dulwich garden. There in September she laid an egg. It was placed in a box of straw and wool and set on hot-water pipes whose temperature remained pretty constantly at about 90 degrees.

The mother, when winter came, dug herself in and entered upon her sleep of several months, so that she saw nothing of the surprise of her owner when, four months after it was laid, this first English-born tortoise made its appearance.

In a state of nature the mother tortoise leaves the heat of the Sun to hatch her eggs, for these reptiles, though themselves cold-blooded, are hot-country creatures. We could never farm them successfully in England.

#### Beginning of a New Chapter

Nevertheless we have here the beginning of a new chapter of tortoise history in England. It is 147 years since the last words of the first chapter were written. The author was Gilbert White of Selborne. For ten years he had occasional sight of such a reptile, remarking that "as soon as the good old lady comes in sight who has waited on it for more than 30 years it hobbles toward its benefactress with awkward alacrity."

The time he wrote of was during one of our wars with the United States of America. White heeded nothing of such world events, but he was a faithful recorder to his friend's tortoise. At last the reptile was given to him, and he took it an 80-mile journey by postchaise to Selborne, promising himself a feast of future observations of the creature's habits. But he wrote no more of his tortoise.

Unhappily we must now resume where Gilbert White ended, and the start of the new chapter is that the first English-born tortoise is doing very nicely at Dulwich. *Picture on page 12*



## BRINGING A MOUNTAIN TOP TO TOWN

### A PROFESSOR'S GOOD IDEA

Little David Lends His Father  
a Hand

### HOW TO MAKE HASTE SLOWLY

Though Professor A. V. Hill, when telling young people how their muscles work, could not take the Royal Institution to Monte Rosa, he brought the mountain into the lecture theatre. In other words, he conveyed some of the thin air of the mountain-top into one of his experiments.

To help him in the experiment his little son David was mounted on a bicycle and supplied with mountain air. In fact, like the harpist who sang to Alexander the Great, Professor Hill "raised a mortal to the skies." But the skies are not very favourable to a boy's hard breathing, or to hard work of any kind. There are only two-thirds as much oxygen there as we breathe in the stuffiest lecture-room at the level of London, and learned men who worked on the heights in Switzerland some years ago found it difficult to count or even think correctly.

### The Effect of Oxygen

So no wonder that David, pedalling on his stationary bicycle on this meagre supply, began to find it more and more hard to make the wheels go round. The pedalling became slower and slower. But just when David was beginning to look a trifle blue and his laboured gasps were exciting a fellow-feeling of sympathy among the boys and girls of the audience, his father brought him sharply to earth again.

He did more than that. Out of another bag he substituted for the Monte Rosa air some super-air containing four times as much oxygen as the ordinary London supply.

David revived at once. His eyes brightened and the bicycle wheels flew round as if he meant to beat the record.

### How to Win a Race

This showed not that fresh air is the best of things, which everybody knows, but that for muscular exertion the more oxygen a body has the better and faster it works. Professor Hill went so far as to say that if athletes could run in a tunnel of half air and half oxygen, so that their lungs and muscles could get all the oxygen they panted for, they would run ever so much faster. Perhaps he is right, though we may doubt if the record would be worth the trouble or the risk.

But there was one useful moral which the lecturer drew from his experiments for those who wish to make records. The runner who wishes to get there in the quickest time must not burst away and use up all his energy at once, and then slow down. He must find out what is the best speed he can run at, and keep at that all the way. In other words, he must never permit himself to loaf and never try to hustle.

But, of course, he must use his best speed, and in races like the 100 yards he has to run his fastest all the time.

## WOMEN SEAMEN

### Manning a Ship

Many a girl has longed to go to sea, but never till now have we heard of women manning a ship.

The other day a Russian cargo steamer (the Karl Marx) put in at Leghorn on its way to Marseilles, and the natives were astonished to find that the crew were all women. They wore sailor dress, had cropped hair, and were all of sturdy build. A local journalist interviewed the captain, who was the only man on board, and who said that he found the crew thoroughly satisfactory.

## A COLLECTION OF TIME'S WONDERS

### THE TREASURES AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

Famous Pictures with Very  
Queer Histories

### THE FISHWIFE'S BOARD

Once there was a woman selling fish in the market at Bruges.

She had many kinds of fish and some whiting which she knew would not be nice tomorrow. Presently a man came along and bought some. She was very pleased, and talked about the weather while she cleaned them. But the man was not thinking of either the weather or the whiting. He was looking at a painting of a woman's face on a piece of wood leaning up against a post of the fish stall. He asked the fishwife if she would sell it.

### A Gracious Act

She did not think much of the picture. The other side of it was a useful piece of wood to scrape a sole on; but seeing the gentleman had taken the whiting off her hands she said she would throw in The Old Girl, as she called her.

That picture today is worth about £60,000, and has been lent to London for the exhibition at Burlington House by the Bruges Museum. It is a portrait of Jan van Eyck's wife, which he painted in 1439. Another painting in this wonderful exhibition was once part of the back of a cupboard. Another was once wheeled about in a barrow by a child, for a plaything. These pictures are among hundreds of the treasures of the world which have been got together to make an Exhibition of Flemish and Belgian Art from 1300 to 1900. It is made possible by a gracious act of national gratitude arising out of the war.

### Numbers of Old Friends

Over a hundred private collectors have lent pictures. The King of England and the King of the Belgians have lent theirs; the heads of five Governments and twelve great museums have helped.

It is, of course, a huge collection. We see a number of old friends as we go through the rooms, Van Dycks and Rubens and later Flemish which have been reproduced in the Children's Encyclopedia and My Magazine. The most marvellous, the very early Flemish, are in the first rooms.

There we see, face to face, the pictures which Italian painters thought it well worthwhile to cross the foul and dangerous highways of Europe to see five hundred years ago. We can see the large pictures whose inspiration came from wall paintings, which were the earliest form of pictorial art. Then we can see the paintings inspired by illuminated MSS., the most exquisite form of medieval art.

### Sources of Our Art

One picture, which is really a drawing with the painting only just begun, by Jan van Eyck is like a whole book of explanation of the way these men who made and studied illuminated manuscripts worked. It is called St. Barbara. Any C.N. reader who wants to know what drawing is need only look at this picture. He will never forget it as long as he lives.

The room in which this picture occurs is the greatest education in the sources of our art that anyone in this generation is likely to see. All the dear and delightful qualities of the medieval painter are displayed here, his incredibly fine and faithful work, the simple and artless faith which led him to put trifles of his own life and world into scenes of life in the Holy Land fourteen centuries before he was born.

Among the modern exhibits we should not forget to study Constantin Meunier's five bronzes. He loved the working man, and made statues of labourers just as simple and grand as those the Greeks made of their gods. *Picture on page 12*

## THE MAN WHO SAVED THE CROWD

There is nothing more terrible than the way even men and women often give themselves over to panic.

Hundreds of people have died because they did not pull themselves up and think, and behave like men rather than like frightened animals. We have just had a terrible example of this in the cinema fire in Montreal. Someone has been reminding us of the splendid way one man averted a similar catastrophe.

### Stopping a Panic

It was in Rouen during the war. In the cinema house, crowded to the doors, an alarm of fire was given. In one second the men and women, who had been behaving like human beings, turned into terrified creatures of the wild. People leaped to their feet and started pushing this way and that. Some silly people could do nothing better than shriek aloud. In a moment there would have been a panic rush in which scores would have been trampled down. Suddenly, in the nick of time, a strong man's voice bellowed from the back of the theatre. "Sit down, you fools!" It was a sergeant-major, who had long since passed the day when any danger could make him lose his head.

### A Needed Lesson

Immediately the rush stopped. Men and women recognised the voice of a leader. He did not give them time to think. The tremendous voice roared out: "Front rank only, stand up; right turn; quick march! Second rank only, stand up; right turn; quick march!" And so, row by row, that crowded house was emptied at the command of one strong man. Not a life was lost. No one was even hurt.

There were not a few people ashamed of themselves afterwards, and of the panic they had shown. If they had restrained themselves from that wild rush to the door there would have been no need for the sergeant-major to take command. It is a lesson we all need to learn. Self-control, presence of mind, and thought for others can become part of our nature, and if we make it so we shall not be found lacking in the great moments of life.

## PEACE PARLIAMENT FOR INDUSTRY

### A Chance for the Government

In those months of high hope after the Armistice, when Reconstruction was the word in every mouth, steps were taken to form a National Council of Industry to take the place of strikes and lockouts.

The scheme was wrecked by the long series of trade disputes which came to a head just then, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, who led the trade unions in that effort, is seeking earnestly to revive it. He has asked the Prime Minister to call a conference under the chairmanship of the Speaker to discuss new methods of settlement, the principal of which should be a great industrial Parliament.

In this Parliament he would have represented, not only employers and employed, but economists and bankers and other experts, with members of the Government to represent the community, which always loses by trade disputes whoever else may win.

The Prime Minister has made many notable appeals for a better spirit in industry: here is a chance of striking while the iron is hot.

## THE LEAGUE OF LOCUSTS

### Vast Armies in India INVADING COLUMN 20 MILES LONG

When a swarm of locusts sweeps through the Bombay Presidency, like that which has been eating the poor native cultivators out of field and village in parts of Gujarat and Kathiawar, it is harder to think of man as lord of creation. What can he do against these monstrous hordes?

There were three armies of them. One was a long invading column 20 miles long, though only 30 yards wide. It was a huge serpent of destruction. It laid the fields desolate. The food of a year of thousands of cultivators disappeared down the throats of this relentless army. Gunfire was useless against them. They paid no heed to it, but settled in their billets for the night, and sailed away next morning, leaving nothing but unpaid bills behind them, to lay waste the sea coast.

Another army, which resembled a dark, shaking cloud, hovered for a time above villages in Gujarat. It was five miles long, half a mile broad, twelve feet thick. If it had descended on Hyde Park not a blade of grass would have been visible, and not a leaf or a blade would have been left after the swarm had taken its departure.

The villagers climbed the trees where the locusts settled and slew them by the million, but all their efforts failed to shake off the pest till the locusts had eaten their fill and then moved on of their own accord.

## THE HALF-CROWNS IN THE OLD CHEST

### A Poor Man's Savings

A clock has just been fixed in the tower of All Saints' Church, Bennington, Lincolnshire. It is the parting gift of a poor old man to the church he loved.

This old man, Joseph Reeson, lived in one of the almshouses overlooking the churchyard until he had to be taken to the workhouse infirmary, for he grew very weak. For many years he had cherished the wish to see a clock in the tower of his church, but nobody knew that this old-age pensioner was making sacrifices in order to bring this about.

Then he died, and the Rector of the parish and the Relieving Officer were appointed his trustees. In an old wooden chest they found 1160 half-crowns, making £145, which this old man had saved for many years so that some day a clock might tell out the hours from the church tower.

There the clock is today, looking over the churchyard Joseph Reeson used to see from the window of his house.

## THINGS SAID

The epoch of reprisals, devastation, and violence is now finished. Mussolini

It used to take two sheep to clothe a woman; one silkworm can do it now. A Textile Worker

You cannot make peace with documents. Peace must be made in the hearts of men. Mr. Herbert Hoover

It is now possible to ascertain the position of a ship instantly in the heaviest fog. A Wireless Expert

Some of the paintings on the pavements are more striking than some at the Royal Academy. A London Magistrate

France has tried seventeen constitutions since the Revolution; England has had one in 1200 years. Mr. Thomas Wilson



## INDIA MOVING THE RIGHT WAY

### WORK OF THE NEW VICEROY

The Quiet and Wonderful Influence of a Man's Character

### PARTNERS IN PROGRESS

It seems only the other day that people were speaking with great anxiety about the mysterious races of India.

Revolution such as no man had ever seen was to break out in India, spread to China, and, after engulfing Asia, was to pull the whole world to pieces.

Suddenly this anxious talk has ceased. India is no longer looking to Russia for an example. The Communists in India are losing ground. The vast continent appears to be concerned only with its immemorial work of tilling the fields and attending to its religious beliefs. What has happened?

#### India's Long Memory

Those who read the newspapers of India will have noticed that during the last few weeks great attention has been drawn to the work of the new viceroy, Lord Irwin. The peoples of India have begun to like him. Wherever he goes he makes an impression. They appear to give him their confidence and their affection. Many will travel vast distances merely to stand in the crowd as he passes by.

But how can a man make his character felt in this mysterious way, so soon, too, after he has arrived in a country of immense size, and a country the inhabitants of which have different languages, different religions, and different social customs?

The answer is that the races of India have a long memory. They remember the first Englishmen who came among them, the first Sahibs, who were just men and became to them as fathers, giving peace to their country and protecting the poor from oppression. Lord Irwin reminds them of these men. His character went before him, and the multitudes learned from their teachers that a true Sahib was once more to represent their Emperor.

#### A Pukka Sahib

It has been said that Lord Irwin is the Englishman at his best. He is, for example, a very scholarly man without being a "highbrow"; he is fearless without being a braggart; he is religious without being a bigot. Still young, six feet four inches tall, courteous and gracious in manner, generous and tolerant in disposition, a lover of books and of Nature, a devout and unquestioning Christian, he makes on everyone a deep impression.

We are, indeed, witnessing in India a demonstration of the supreme mystery of human life—the power of character. We are learning to realise that from everyone who is just and pure, true and benevolent, humble and strong, upright and fearless, gentle and unselfish, something goes forth which exercises power over other lives, changes the moral atmosphere, or may even, in the case of those in high authority, alter the course of history.

#### The True Basis of Partnership

Let us hope that one result of Lord Irwin's work in India may be that our Government will take great pains to see that the officials we send to India are of such a moral and spiritual quality that they will not offend the Indian's religious feelings or his moral ideas.

The true partnership between England and India must rest, and can only rest, on a spiritual foundation. Between the highest Indian and the highest Englishman there will always be confidence and affection. Between the coarser Englishman and the multitudes of India there can be nothing but trouble-producing antagonism.

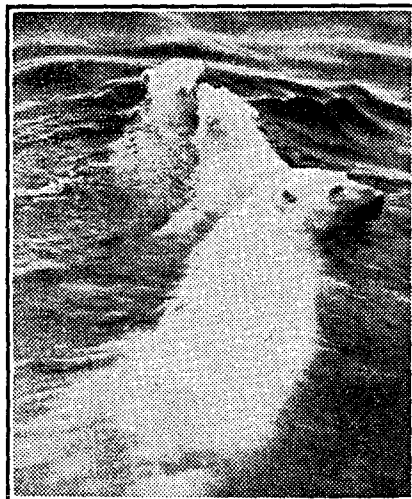
## A YOUNG EXPLORER IN GREENLAND



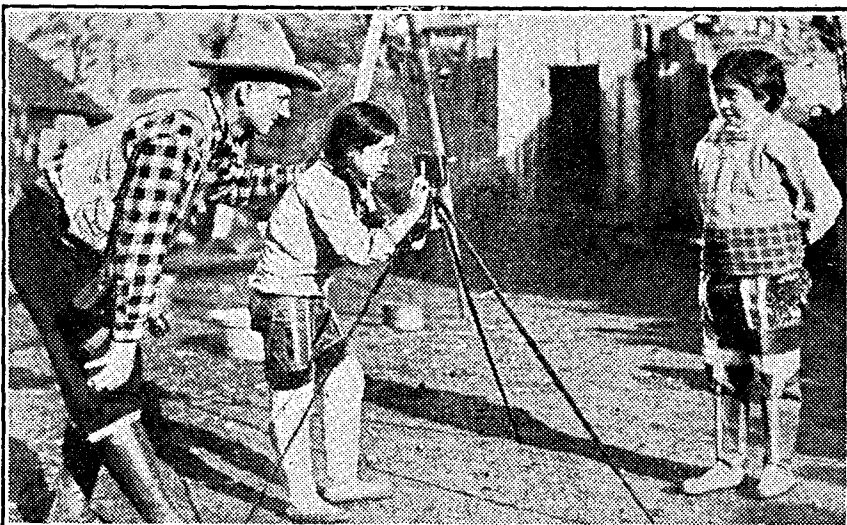
Knut Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, shows Mr. Putnam an ancient bow and arrow



Mr. Putnam's son David with two Greenland rabbits



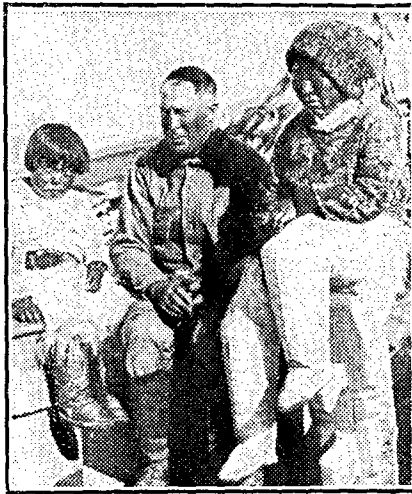
A polar bear and two cubs swimming near the ship



One of the explorers showing a little Eskimo girl how to take kinema pictures



David Putnam with the antlers of a caribou



Two Eskimos visiting the captain of the schooner

An American scientific expedition, organised by Mr. George Putnam, has recently returned from Greenland. Here we see some of the pictures taken during the voyage. One of the members of the expedition was Mr. Putnam's 13-year-old son, David, who had already been exploring among the Pacific Islands

## THIS DEAR, DEAR LAND

### SCENE OF JOHN OF GAUNT'S LAST SPEECH

Where Shakespeare's Typical Englishman Passed Away

### LOOKING ON THE OLD, OLD WALL

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn I saw good strawberries in your garden there; I do beseech you send for some of them.

Duke of Gloucester

Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.  
Bishop of Ely

The garden from which the good bishop gathered his strawberries for the duke who was to be king is now in the centre of the diamond trade, in Hatton Garden, London; the bishop's palace has vanished save for the chapel, St. Etheldreda's, and a veritable last fragment of the wall of the palace itself, which has just been saved in time. Thousands of people have been looking at the old wall for the first time, and it is a thing to stir us all, for this is sacred ground to Englishmen.

#### Twenty Bushels of Roses

Certain buildings in Hatton Garden, backing on to the last remnant of the ancient palace walls, are being pulled down, and the palace wall was to fall with them; but intelligent and sympathetic cooperation between all the parties has saved the wall. The later walls touch but do not connect with the palace, and our last link with "Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster" is redeemed.

The palace was built in 1290, the magnificent home of the Bishops of Ely, with grounds so fine that when a bishop leased it to Sir Christopher Hatton for a yearly fee of "one red rose, ten loads of hay, and £10" he reserved the right of walking and gathering there 20 bushels of roses annually from its trees.

#### A Background to History

It was to this palace that in 1309 John of Gaunt retired to die after Wat Tyler's rebels had burned down Gaunt's mansion in the Savoy; it was in this palace that he made that superb death-bed speech "This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle," which rings with sublime patriotism in Shakespeare's incomparable music.

Nobody thinks now of Holborn as a background to history, but much of our old annals centred about Ely Palace and the church associated with it. The crypt of St. Etheldreda's, rough, strong, primitive, unspoiled, is very ancient; indeed the present vicar declares it to have been built by early-Christian Britons, and to be easily the oldest sacred structure in London.

#### News for the Congregation

The last Mystery Play, out of which our drama grew, was performed in St. Etheldreda's, and it is recorded that the parish clerk announced one day to the astonished congregation that the Pretender had been defeated at Culloden and that the Stuarts were gone.

There is much history in Holborn and in St. Etheldreda's, but there is nothing more thrilling than the thought that within these walls, close by the spot where we may now stand, died John of Gaunt, Shakespeare's typical Englishman, with those heart-burning words upon his lips:

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war,  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this  
England,  
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world!



## MAROONED OFF ENGLAND

**A FAMILY IN A CRISIS**  
Remarkable Experience on the Devon Coast

### SAVED IN THE NICK OF TIME

No marooned pirate of the South Seas had a worse experience than that which befell three English people off the Devonshire coast the other day.

Marooned men were put ashore with food, a keg of water, and some tools; moreover, they could hope to live on the fruits, game, and shellfish of their desert isle. But these English people must soon have perished from starvation.

Mr. Harry Gendle, of Devonport, went to Dartmouth, bought a sailing-boat from the Royal Naval College, and started to sail her home on Saturday, a distance of 30 miles. With him were his wife and his fourteen-year-old daughter.

### The Story of a Wreck

Four days went by, and no news was heard of them, though people had searched the coast since Monday. Later the wreckage of a boat was found, and then everyone gave up hope. Fishermen searched the shore for the bodies of the three drowned persons.

But on Wednesday, as a man was walking along the cliffs at Hope Cove, he saw someone on the rocks below waving a coat. At this point the cliffs are 400 feet high, and quite unclimbable, so that the rocks cannot be reached except by sea. The man ran to the coastguard station as hard as he could, and brought rescuers with ropes to the place. They found Mrs. Gendle and her daughter half dead from cold, shock, cuts, and hunger, while Mr. Gendle, too, had suffered considerably but was able to tell what had happened.

Soon after starting on Saturday he got into difficulties, and on Sunday part of the sailing gear was blown away. On Monday the boat drifted on to the Montirn Rock and became a wreck. The little crew was just able to climb on to the rock with their small store of food, but without matches or flares. They had no water at all.

### Last Crumb of Food

Luckily there is a cave in the face of these terrible cliffs and so they had some shelter, but at high tide the seas came right up to its mouth. They suffered acutely from thirst and cold; but perhaps the worst thing of all was their helplessness when they heard men shouting on Monday. At the time it was high tide, so they could not come out of the cave and stand on the rock where people might see them from the cliffs. They shouted in reply, but no one heard them.

The last crumb of their carefully-rationed food was eaten on Tuesday. If rescue had come later it might have been too late.

## THE KING'S WAY OUT

### Burglar Invited to a Palace

A burglar who was sentenced in Rome for forcing a safe has had a unique experience.

The King of Italy lost the key of a safe containing his collection of rare coins. It could not be found, and no one could open the safe without it. So the king sent to the prison for the most accomplished safe-breaker who could be found there.

The burglar was sent, his handcuffs removed, and the necessary tools supplied to him. The safe was quickly opened, and the burglar, after a pleasant chat with the king, was re-handcuffed and taken back to prison—to his great disappointment.

## EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

**An Idea for Geneva**  
NEW WAY AT INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCES

The nuisance at all international conferences is the time wasted in translating speeches. Now New York has found a remedy which we expect to be widely adopted. We should hear of it promptly at Geneva.

A microphone is placed before the speaker which carries his speech into a neighbouring room to headphones worn by interpreters, and the interpreters translate the speech sentence by sentence, each in his own language, speaking it in their turn into telephone receivers.

In the hall where the speech is being made the audience sits in different benches, according to the language they want to hear, and headphones are provided carrying the translation for each from the interpreter using his particular language. And so, as the speaker proceeds, he is heard by those in front of him each in his own tongue, as at the Feast of Pentecost.

The League of Nations has three official languages. At the Motor Transport Congress in New York, where this new system was tried, four languages were used, but there is no limit to the number that could be used in such circumstances. It is a fascinating idea.

## TWO BRAVE OLD LADIES

### A Tale of Great Courage

Two wonderful old ladies have just passed out of this world, leaving a tale of courage behind them.

One was Mrs. Mary Garner, of Lincolnshire, who was a girl of 18 when a doctor told her she had only one lung. It seemed that she had no chance of life, and if she had been a coward she would probably have died of worry. But she would not give way to despair, and when she died the other day she had enjoyed life for one hundred years.

The other brave lady was ten years younger. Her name was Frances Tillee, the daughter of a barrister. She suffered from chronic hip disease, and when her parents died she was admitted to the Royal Hospital for Incurables at Putney in 1883. She never left it. For 44 years she lay in her bed while spring came and went, new kings were crowned, wars were waged, and the world was changed. For her nothing changed. It was always the same bed and the same pain. Yet so brave and happy was her spirit that everyone called her part of the ward Sunshine Corner.

## A ONE-MAN STRIKE

### Why William Walker Stopped Bricklaying

Strikes are silly things as a rule, but we cannot help sympathising with the one-man strike of one of Nottingham's most remarkable sons, William Walker.

Mr. Walker the other day reached the amazing age of 105, and the Mayor of Nottingham paid him a visit, which he appreciated highly. Until he was 86 Mr. Walker worked contentedly at his trade of bricklaying. He might have been at work still if not for the fact that his employer suddenly decided that William was too highly paid, and ought to accept a halfpenny an hour less.

But Mr. Walker, although all his life he had done his allotted task cheerfully and without complaint, was not minded to put up with such an imposition. He went on strike. And then, realising for the first time that he was getting on in years, he thought it might be quite a good idea if he retired.

And so he did.

## A GREAT ALBERT HALL JOKE

Foreigners generally say of the English that they muddle through. They would say it more than ever if they had been with us at the Albert Hall the other night. On the other hand, they might have been angry.

The Albert Hall may be the largest concert hall in England, and one may be forgiven for imagining that there will be room for all who come, especially when they have taken the trouble to pay in advance for their seats. But do not believe it. *We know.*

We were going to see the big Faust film, and during the afternoon we had booked three seats for the evening performance. They were 3s. 6d. each, and V Block was printed on the ticket. We had chosen V Block because they were good seats. We got there in time, walked in at the main entrance, and set out to find V Block. When we got there an attendant barred the way.

### Barring the Way

Yes. That was V Block, and V Block was on our tickets for this very performance and we had paid 3s. 6d. each for them, but we could not be admitted because V Block was already packed. It was the fault of the Box Office for selling too many tickets, as seats of this kind are not numbered but a certain number are sold for each block.

As precious time was going we decided to take a little more exercise and went back, down and down and round and round, until eventually we arrived at the Box Office. There we were invited to go back again and make the attendant of V Block let us have seats.

Up we went again, and eventually arrived at V Block. The attendant did not greet us as his warmest friends, but after a point-blank refusal to admit us he graciously offered us a consolation prize of three seats round at the side, from which we could not see the film. We refused the consolation prize and, the show having now begun, we sat down on the steps where we could see; but there we were blocking the gangway, and we had to be removed.

### Righteous Indignation

Down we went to the Box Office again, and asked for our money back. This was flatly refused, but after a time we were offered another consolation prize—5s. 9d. seats. Full of hope, and prepared to be magnanimous and forgiving, we went along to the 5s. 9d. seats, only to find that they were those which not even the clever manager of the Albert Hall could sell for a film.

By this time our blood was warm. We marched back to the Box Office and again asked for our money back. There was nothing doing. We asked to see the manager. He appeared, righteously indignant that people who had paid for seats and been refused them, and been made to walk long distances climbing up and down many steps, and to suffer much embarrassment, and miss part of the film, and had at last been given seats which could not be sold in the usual way, should still not be content.

### Leaving it to the Policeman

Leaving the matter to the policeman at the door, he walked away. The policeman looked at us, listened to our tale, and as the attendants obviously thought the proceeding had not been a credit to the greatest concert hall in England, in the end our tickets were changed for another night.

We have decided that the best thing to do is to take it as a joke, and to enjoy it instead of the film. It might have happened to people who really would have made a fuss, and that would have been unpleasant for the Albert Hall, the magnificent building to which people come from all parts of the world.

## FEATS IN THE FOOTBALL WORLD

### ADVANCE, CORINTHIANS

#### Triumphs of the Great Amateur Soccer Team

### THE ENGLISH CUP MATCHES

Every boy who cares for Association football has been thrilled by the recent feats of the Corinthians, the great outstanding team of the amateur world.

To play for the Corinthian team is a distinction equal to appearing at Wimbledon for the annual tennis tournament, and we all rejoice to see the success of a club which has included among its heroes such giants as C. B. Fry, G. O. Smith, Tinsley Lindley, W. J. Oakley, Tip Foster, C. Wreford-Brown, and many another champion of the game whose play was wont to charm our fathers.

### Lack of Practice

The position of the Corinthians is unique. At their best they are the equal of any of our professional sides, but they cannot get a sufficiency of first-class matches to keep their players in the highest form, simply because, with the great League elevens regularly engaged, there are not teams disengaged to play the famous amateurs. So the Corinthians lose the form which keen competition alone can maintain, and at times, through lack of practice, are defeated by opposition really unworthy of them.

The usual thing has happened this season, and we have seen this leading amateur eleven overcome by a team inferior to the Corinthians, yet better as a team on account of regular association and good understanding. The English Cup-ties loomed ahead, and in good time the Corinthians set out on their usual Christmas and New Year tour. The practice which the games of the tour afforded quickly galvanised a brilliant band of players into a team, and they actually defeated the splendid Queen's Park, Scotland's most famous amateur club.

### Corinthians of Scotland

Queen's Park are the Corinthians of Scotland, with this very important difference, that they compete in the First Division of the Scottish League, and so are as well trained and disciplined a side as the ordinary professional eleven. Yet our Corinthian amateurs soundly beat Queen's Park in the presence of the Scottish champions' astonished supporters.

Having found their feet, the Englishmen went on to Walsall, and there engaged the local professional club in an English Cup-tie, the most exciting and exacting form of football in which a team can share. The result of training and association was again manifested; the amateurs defeated the professionals, gaining one of the finest victories of the day by 4 goals to 0. To inflict such a defeat on a paid team of experts before the losers' own crowd is a very great feat indeed.

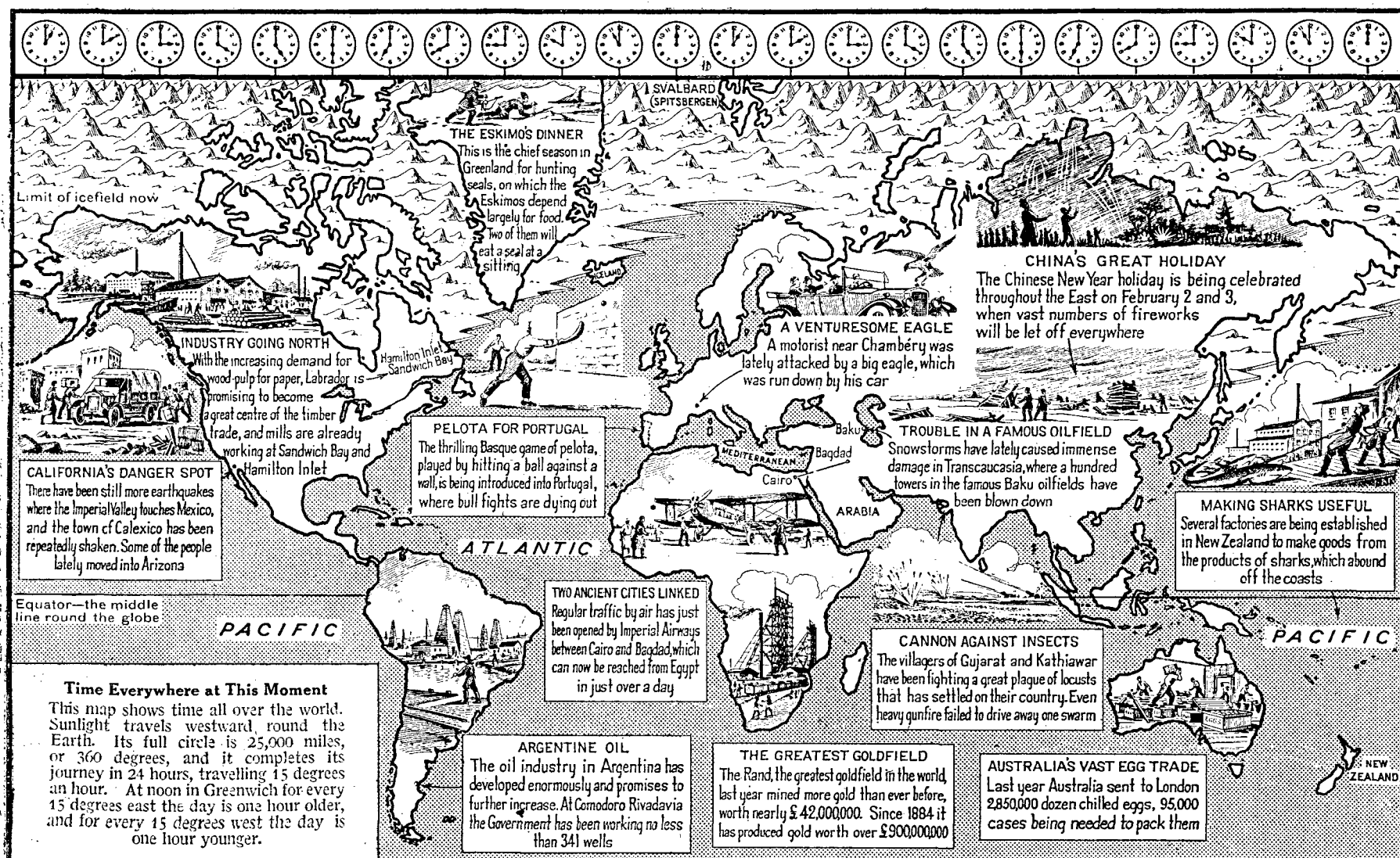
### A Goal in View

The success of the Corinthians is of the highest importance to amateur Soccer football. There are too few great amateur sides, and the player at school or Varsity, after becoming a master of the dribbling code, may find no amateur side to absorb him when he quits those centres of work and play. So long as the Corinthians flourish, however, he has a goal in view, a splendid team to join, from which he may hope to reach, not only the amateur international teams, but the internationals proper, in which amateurs and professionals join forces to meet the might of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland.

So we are all delighted with the 1927 Corinthians, and hope they may go far in the Cup competition.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## FLYING THROUGH INDIA'S BACK DOOR

### The Magic Carpet in the East

When Sir Samuel Hoare, the British Air Minister, reached the Persian port of Jask, his last stopping-place before entering India on his flight from England, two ceremonies took place.

The first was the presentation of a sword by the Sirdar of Persia and the second was the presentation of a beautiful Persian carpet by the Khan of Kelat. Who is the Khan of Kelat, and why did he give a carpet? We can only think that he gave it because the carpet represented the flying carpet of King Solomon, and symbolised the Khan's recognition that the wonders of reality outstrip the wonders of ancient legend.

For hundreds of years the flying horses of the Arabian Nights and Solomon's flying carpet have been favourite subjects of the storytellers of the East, but no one had seen either, and here, for all to gaze on, was this great magic flying-machine coming to establish a regular flying service.

The Air Minister's next stopping-place, for lunch, was to be at Pasni, in Kelat, the territory of the Khan, and conferring the magic carpet was like conferring the freedom of Kelat in anticipation of his coming. Kelat has received many imperial visitors from the West in past times, many of them unwillingly. Cyrus, Semiramis, and Alexander all passed that way.

But Makran, the desert entrance to Kelat, has grown more and more inhospitable, and for 500 years no great body of men has marched by that route. It has become India's disused back door.

When Britain came she came by the sea. Her front door is Bombay's magnificent Gateway of India. But now, for air travel, Makran and Kelat resume their ancient importance. They are still the back door, but the back door is, after all, the business entrance of many establishments. The Flying Carpet has opened India's back door again.

## ONE PURKIS

### Man Who Carted a King Away

The other day the C.N. said that some boys were going to Eton whose family was famous before the school was founded.

Now we announce the death of one whose family is older still, if his claim be true. Mr. Alexander Alfred Purkis, who has just died at Holybourne in Hampshire, used to affirm that he was a descendant of a famous woodcutter.

This famous man was returning from work one hot evening in August, 1100, when he saw a dead man lying under the trees. The stranger was richly dressed and had a red beard. The arrow which had slain him still stood in the wound. Suddenly the woodcutter, whom the old monk chroniclers call "one Purkis," realised that he was looking on the face of King William Rufus. It was on this man's cart that King Rufus was taken to Winchester.

## SAFETY FILMS

### As Cheap as Dangerous Ones

One more fire-proof film for kinemas is to be put on the market, this time British made, and at a price comparing favourably with the ordinary film, as well as lasting longer.

The new film was experimented with at the Tivoli Kinema in the Strand. While an ordinary film flared up immediately when exposed to a flame the coat of the new film merely melted, leaving its inner fabric unaffected.

We hope Parliament will now wake up and make the use of safety films compulsory. The kinema trade has had safe films at its disposal for years, and has pleaded that they are too costly. That excuse is taken from it now, and even the kinema-men will not be able to excuse their use of dangerous films by saying that they are cheaper than the safe ones.

## THE SCHOOLBOY'S SHOW

### A Fascinating Hall in Westminster

*Every boy should take up a hobby which will be of practical value to him throughout his life. If you do that you will make your own life more interesting and more useful to your fellow-creatures.*

So said Lord Desborough at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, when he was opening the second Schoolboy's Own Exhibition.

The boy would be hard to please who could not find there a hobby to his liking. Down Stamp Street or Airway Avenue, up Handicraft Highway or Bookworm Borough, along Camera Corner or Beetle Byway he could wander, meeting fascination at every turn.

The models for land, sea, and air travel were perhaps most fascinating of all. Major Pulman was explaining the controls in the real cockpit of an aeroplane, and Major Raymond Phillips was showing how a model train could be started and stopped and backed by the mere word of command through a microphone. Outside, in the spacious grounds of Vincent Square, model flying-machines were actually flying.

There were competitions for school orchestras, for stamp collections, for marksmanship, and for all kinds of handicraft; and on these last depended awards of posts on a rubber grower's plantation and in a great department store. While the boys were busy with these things their parents were able to consult experts as to the careers open to their sons and the best way of making a start in them. Altogether it was an admirable exhibition, with a great purpose, well conceived and excellently carried out.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Baku . . . . . Bah-koo  
Gujarat . . . . . Goo-jah-raht  
Kathiawar . . . . . Kah-te-ah-wahr  
Pythagoras . . . . . Pi-thag-o-ras

## FOUR THINGS DONE FOR THE FIRST TIME

### Birds, Beasts, and Reptiles

First times are always interesting.

The first time a woman swam the Channel we were all excited. When a second woman did the same thing we were unmoved, although she had shown the same endurance and pluck.

We have collected four queer things which seem to have been done by dumb creatures for the first time of late.

Near Chambéry in France a royal eagle with a wing-spread of six feet attacked a motor-car. It injured itself on the car and was killed by the driver.

The other day a Nature-lover was astonished to see a flamingo flying over the waters of Hayling Bay, Hampshire. It was probably one which escaped from an aviary near Salisbury last summer.

In the instructions to tortoise owners issued by the London Zoo it is stated "there is no recorded case of eggs hatching in this country"; but a baby tortoise has just been hatched in Dulwich, as we note elsewhere.

Last of all on our list we put something very odd indeed. The police horses of Bradford are wearing lighted tails. The little red light is fixed to the saddle and is a wise precaution in motor traffic.

## A NAP AFTER LUNCH

### Story of a Great Engineer

Sir Francis Fox, the great engineer, of whom we read in another column, once had a little nap which cost £4000.

He had brought the plans of his South African railway survey to England. He had them in a cab with him when he stopped at a restaurant for lunch. Leaving the plans in the cab, he told the cabman to wait. After lunch he had a short nap, and when he went for his cab it had disappeared.

The cab was not traced and the plans were never found. The railway had to be surveyed again, and it cost £4000.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 29 1927

## The Healing Hand of Time

THERE have been many good signs of peace which encourage us to be hopeful this year. We think of them as we are reminded of Paul Kruger's wagon nearing home again after its long exile.

Time the Destroyer was the Roman poet's word, but a later age wrote Time the Healer.

What wonders are done in this world by the healing hand of Time! It heals old wounds, old sorrows. Before our eyes we see it healing old hatreds. Nine years ago the shells were bursting over the armoured lines of European nations at one another's throats, and each day the stricken fields were soaked with the blood of their soldiers. Today the nations, like men awakened from a nightmare, are holding out faltering hands to one another over the Council Table.

Nine years ago Germany and Britain faced one another across the Hindenburg Line. Only the other day President Hindenburg was wishing the British Ambassador, Lord d'Abernon, God-speed, and thanking him in the name of Germany for his six years' labour in helping her to stand on her feet again. Time is on the side of the peacemakers.

At Delville Wood there was a ceremony not long ago which aroused memories to search men's hearts. Here the people of South Africa, Dutch and English, Boer and Briton, had raised a monument to the memory of the dead of both races who had perished in the bitter struggle on the Western Front. But it was not a memorial merely to the deadly trials which the South African Infantry had there gone through, nor even to the many other brave men from the Cape who gave up their lives elsewhere in the war.

It was a tribute to the invisible bond of union which brought men from South Africa to the aid of the country which twenty years before had fought with them on the fields of Magersfontein and Colenso and the kopjes of Spion Kop. Time the Healer had forged the links of that bond. Time the Destroyer had obliterated the bitterness of those futile deeds of enmity.

A weary way the world has trod during the last nine years, stumblingly climbing out of the awful pit it had dugged for itself. But at last its feet are set on the road to Geneva. Geneva, Locarno, Delville Wood, the wayside meeting of the French and German Ministers, all tell the same great tale of reconciliation.

Time, which like sleep wraps a man as with a cloak, is the restorer of sanity, the fountain of goodwill. Uplift your hearts. After its nightmare the world is waking to light and joy again.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Queer

WHAT queer people we are!

The other day a committee met at the Law Courts to consider whether a duty should be put on imported china under the Safeguarding of Industries Act, and at first they were all very businesslike, but soon a witness set them laughing at human nature.

He was a retail dealer in china and earthenware, and he said his customers were very peculiar. He used to put a cup and saucer in the window labelled 8½d., and they were hardly ever purchased. Then he took two baskets, one filled with cups labelled 6d. and the other full of saucers labelled 3d. Now, he says, they are selling like hot cakes.

And so once more, What queer people we are!

## Telling a Story

TELLING a story would seem to be easy, yet what care some men have taken with their story-telling!

We have been reading that Henry Seton Merriman would pass a year in a strange town before weaving one of those magic tales of his. Marion Crawford spent two whole years at Allahabad before writing one of his novels, and for another he learned every process of Venetian glass-work on the spot. For another novel about a silversmith he went through the process of beating out his own designs in metal, nor did he shrink from learning a seventeenth language (he already knew sixteen) when he went to Prague to write about the Witch of Prague.

Everything that is worth doing is worth doing well, and even telling a tale may be very hard work.

## Deeds, Not Words

A FRIEND of the C.N. was going home one night in the rush hour.

A heavy rain was falling in Fleet Street, and all too soon the bus conductor's determined chant of "Outside only; hold tight, please!" fell on the ears of the strugglers on the kerb. The young lady mounted disconsolately to the top of the bus and there stood, holding the back of a dripping seat, and wondering why anyone ever lived in London.

Half of the seat she was clinging to was occupied by a man who sat leaning over, watching curiously the thronged highway. He glanced up, drew from his pocket an evening paper, spread it on the seat, and motioned her to sit down. Realising what a sacrifice had been made, she said:

"This is really most kind—"

"Ne comprends pas," was the reply.

A second later the Frenchman got up to go, smiling no doubt at the "Je vous remercie, monsieur," rendered in a good English accent, swept off his hat in the rain, and disappeared.

## The London Street War

THE South African War dragged on year after year. The jingoes said it would be over in three weeks; it went on and on, a long-drawn-out tragedy. To the thousands of our soldiers killed and wounded were added thousands more who died of disease. The losses brought grief to the whole nation.

Yet today, though there is no war, the casualties of one year in London streets are *twice as many as in the whole South African War*. There is grief in many a home over these tragedies, too, but as a nation we seem scarcely aware of them. We take them almost as a matter of course.

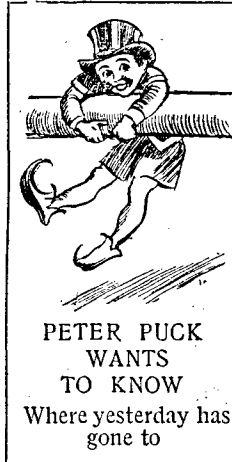
## Tip-Cat

SLIPPERS are now made of banana skins. But banana skins have always made them.

A MOTORIST boasts that for ten years he has not run over a single pedestrian. They see him coming and double.

A LAWN tennis champion has taken to poetry. He is spoken of as a new Tennyson.

SOMEBODY wants to know if a lady can be expected to buy a dress in ten minutes. Not if there are many counter attractions.



LUMINOUS handbags are used in Paris. They are light to carry.

COLOURS and sounds are closely allied, as in the case of the hue and cry.

ACCORDING to a lady speaker, homes are the best things we have made so far. Though some of them don't look it.

A BUTCHER laments that large joints have gone out of fashion. Except with the animals themselves.

MR. BALDWIN hopes the white race will help the other races of the world to advance. And not go on running them down.

Two and a half million tons of soot are scattered over the country every year. There is enough dirt on the face of Nature without that.

## A Chinese Christmas-Box

IT is a little late, but we have been reading about a Chinese party to which little Kai Tzu went. We are assured that Kai Tzu enjoyed it.

This party was a great event, for it was the occasion of presenting a coffin to the head of the family. It does not seem a pleasing gift, but, as the bringer of this news cheerfully remarks, "the Chinese have many very strange customs, and their ways are not our ways."

## The Mongrels

By a C.N. Bookworm

DOES anybody read The Mysteries of Udolpho now? It was not great literature, but it was a terribly exciting novel, and we know how delicious Jane Austen's heroines found it. Byron and Scott fell under the spell of it, and it was the parent of the modern "best-seller."

A pleasant story is told about Mrs. Radcliffe, who wrote it.

One day she saw a little boy standing in an archway, crying bitterly. She asked him what was the matter. He showed her a miserable dog, which he was holding by a string; and he sobbed out, "Mother says I must hang Fan. She has got the mange." Mrs. Radcliffe replied: "No; Fan shall not die. I will give her a home, and you shall come and see her whenever you like. Here is half-a-crown; buy yourself some cherries and don't cry any more."

Another day Mrs. Radcliffe saw a starving cur run over by a coach. A crowd assembled, and each man was eager to have the dog killed in his own way. But Mrs. Radcliffe took the dog home and set its broken leg.

For years after that she and her husband were always to be seen attended by as devoted a pair of mongrels as ever ate a biscuit.

## Miss Butterfly Drops In

A LITTLE tortoiseshell butterfly lost her way in the gardens of Lincoln's Inn, and no wonder, for it was only January, and she had not learned her way about. She flew south and fluttered this way and that, and presently slipped in through an open window to find out what a bright light at the other end of the room meant.

She had found her way into the Court of Chancery, which is not at all the place for tortoiseshell butterflies. There were many learned men in the court who pretended not to see the spot of vivid golden light fluttering over their heads, pretended not to see the usher trying to drive Miss Butterfly out of the court. In the end she went of her own accord, deciding that the January sunshine was nicer than the Chancery Court.

But she had brought joy with her which was not instantly forgotten. Men's thoughts went from the winter town to summer gardens, roses drenched in dew, the sun on the wold, and the Thames rippling among the reeds. In their hearts they whispered *Spring is coming*.

## After 50 Years

I SHOULD never have recognised Highbury, where I was born; I can't find the theatre where I saw The Sleeping Beauty; but it is refreshing for me, having heard so many depressing tales of England, to come back after all these years and find the old-time confidence and animation.

The Town Clerk of the Australian St. Kilda returning to London after 50 years.



## A CATHEDRAL SET ON A ROCK THE MAN WHO DID IT England Loses One of Her Greatest Engineers SIR FRANCIS FOX

We are very sorry to know that Sir Francis Fox is dead. He was a good and simple man, and lived to be 82.

He was a physician who saved the lives of cathedrals and ancient buildings. But for him we might not be able to look up at Winchester Cathedral today. It might have sunk in a bog.

By profession Sir Francis was an engineer. He helped to build tube railways in London; bridges, tunnels, and railways in various parts of the country. He was one of the engineers concerned with the Simplon Tunnel and the bridge over the Zambesi at the Victoria Falls, and he helped to construct railways in Canada and South Africa. Few English engineers have had such a world-wide fame.

### A Physician of Cathedrals

We are proud of this branch of his work, but not so proud as we are of the labour he only began in his later years, that of prolonging the life of our cathedrals. We might say that anyone can be an engineer, but not that anyone can do the work he had the courage to undertake.

Twenty years ago Sir Francis went to look at Winchester Cathedral. There was the gravest possible anxiety about it, for in some parts the cathedral had sunk more than two feet. Arches were twisted, buttresses and walls slipping crooked; ominous cracks were appearing in the masonry. The great engineer said: Leave this to me. I will save Winchester.

### After Seven Years

For seven years the physician of cathedrals watched over and operated on Winchester. A pit was sunk by the south wall, and it was found that the masonry foundations rested on wooden piles which were nothing more than a kind of raft over a bog. For eight hundred years Winchester had rested on a morass. Francis Fox set it on a rock.

It was one of the greatest undertakings of modern times. All the architects of England shook their heads, but Sir Francis went on. He set the grouting machine to work, blowing out the dust and refuse of ages from the cracks in walls and foundations, squirting in water to clean the empty places, and then squirting in cement to solidify the old masonry.

### What the Diver Did

Then came the critical task of underpinning the walls. A diver called William Walker, whose name is engraved on the cathedral walls today, went down alone into the bog under the foundations, and he worked there for five and a half years. The peat water was so black that the strongest artificial light was useless, and this heroic and lonely workman toiled in the gloom, guided by touch alone. He removed the peat bit by bit, and wedged bags of concrete on to the gravel bottom. By degrees the water was pumped away. Then concrete blocks were built up on the bags and pinned to the underside of the original masonry foundations.

This same method of life-preserving by grouting was employed at the advice of Sir Francis on the cathedrals of Canterbury and Lincoln and on many old churches and bridges. In 1912, when this veteran engineer was nearly seventy, he went down in a diving dress at a spot at the west end of Cheapside to make certain, by personal observations, that there was quicksand about forty feet below the surface, which would account for the trouble in connection with St. Paul's Cathedral.

Amid all this professional work Sir Francis found time to help men and

## THE BRAVE POOR THINGS

THE other day there was a fire near Blackfriars Bridge which did very little damage and raised a great commotion.

Everybody was thinking of himself, and no one, we fear, had time to think of the little creatures in the house which could not help themselves. One of these was a canary in a cage, another a cat with her kittens.

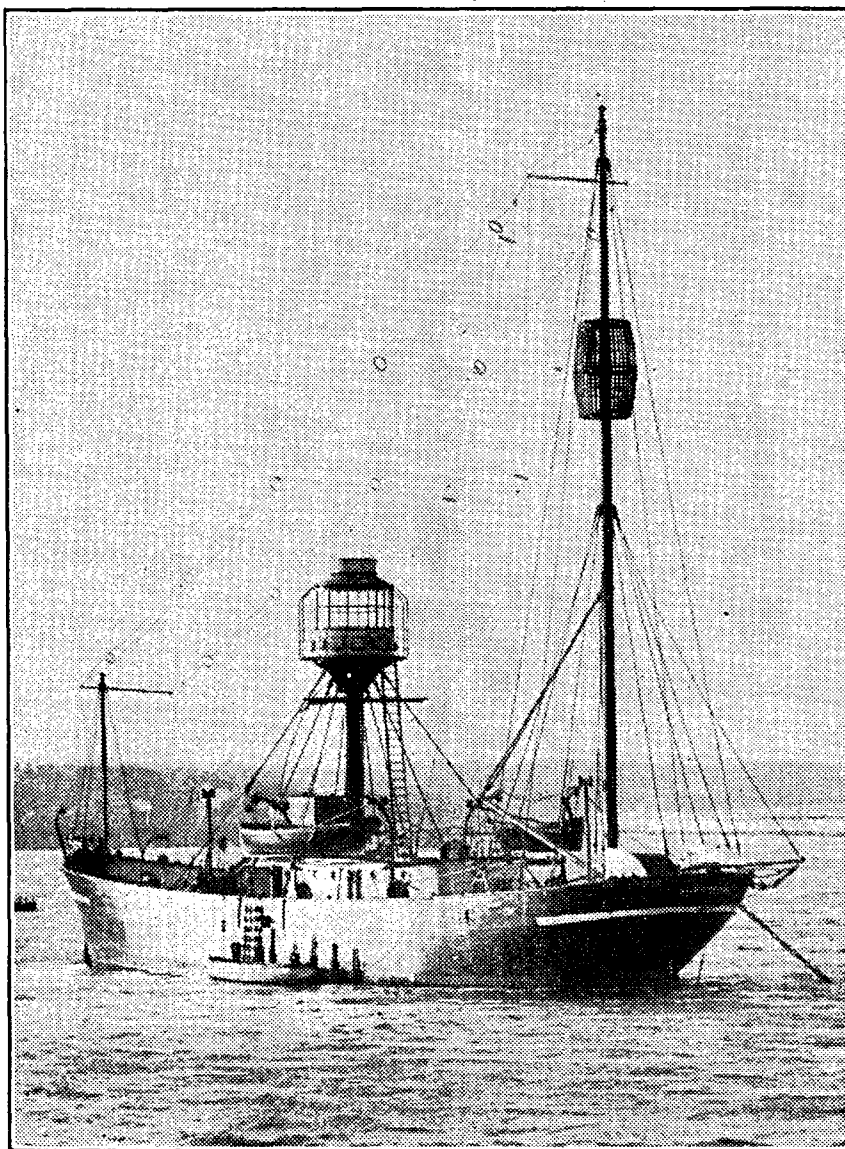
Pussy took the matter into her own hands. The kittens lived with her on the second floor, and she knew quite well that the only safe place was the street. The staircase was full of smoke, but the cat took a kitten in her mouth and went downstairs, loppity lop, feeling her way amid the black fumes, ran out at the door, and put the kitten in a safe niche in the street. Then she ran

back upstairs and repeated the journey with the second kitten in her mouth.

The canary, being in a cage, was helpless, poor thing. He was perched in a corner, trembling, and wondered what the noise was about. He watched his friends going out of the room and wished they would not leave him.

After a time he suddenly realised that, whatever it was, it was all over. The noise had gone, the shouting had stopped. He heard a familiar voice speaking. He thought it was time to say "Thank you, somebody, for putting everything right," and, being a canary, he sang it. The first thing the people in the house heard when the commotion was over was the canary singing his very best song on the top floor.

## DUBLIN'S NEW LIGHTSHIP



The lightship outside Dublin Bay, so well known to travellers and tourists, is to be replaced by this fine new ship, the Albatross, which will be able to guide navigators in any weather. She is equipped with a 100,000 candle-power light, wireless, a powerful foghorn, and a submarine signalling apparatus.

women whose lives were in danger of sinking. His eldest daughter, Dr. Selina Fox, established the Bermondsey Hospital and Medical Mission, and had considerable help from him. He also helped his brother, Sir Douglas Fox, who died a few years ago, in social work; and even in those busy days when he was over 70 he took much trouble to speak in a crusade on behalf of Prohibition during the War.

An individualist all his life, he found a very individual way of helping the hospitals during the Great War. There was, as we remember, a great shortage of linen and calico. Sir Francis had a brilliant idea. He collected all the old engineering plans he could find from civil engineers, railway companies, Government offices—plans which are always made on paper mounted on fine linen. All these ancient plans were sent

to his home, and there the paper was washed off and the pure linen sent to hospitals. He supplied 121 miles of material, some of which was 48 inches wide.

He was indeed a wonderful man, and all his life he worked for great purposes.

### WINCHESTER'S PROUD HALL

Winchester Castle was ruined in the Civil War, though its Great Hall remains intact to the present day.

After the surrender of the castle to Cromwell the hall was sold for £100, and later the Corporation of Winchester bought the whole building for £260. The chairman of a committee has just discovered a receipt for the repayment of part of the money advanced to buy the hall. It was signed by one Robert Wallop, and dated from a prison cell in the Tower of London.

## REMARKABLE SCENE IN A LION'S CAGE MOTHER LION SAVES A MAN

### A Touch of Kindness Makes the Whole World Kin HEROES OF THE ANIMAL WORLD

By Our Natural Historian

Again and again events occur which compel us to say that the old legend of Androcles and the Lion may have been true after all.

We have all been saying so again of late in reviewing the story of how a lioness saved Captain Fred Wombwell from the fury of a lion.

The circus performance was over at Leicester, and Captain Wombwell entered a cage in which were a mother lion and two ailing cubs and, divided by a partition from the rest, a great male lion, Wallace.

### A Reasoning, Gracious Creature

While their owner was ministering to the cubs Wallace suddenly broke down the intervening woodwork, entered the cage, and launched himself at the man, badly lacerating his back and shoulders. The attack was so unexpected that Wombwell was helpless, and he must have been killed had not the lioness come to his aid.

She has a great affection for her owner, and seemed to know that he was helping her sick babies to health. But such a crisis is always dangerous, for where one lion attacks all are apt to do so. The mother lion, however, proved a reasoning, gracious creature, and decided to defend the man.

She sprang fiercely on Wallace, and with teeth and claws furiously dragged him off his victim. In the battle which followed between the two splendid beasts Wombwell was able to escape, and the combat being ended, peace was restored. Wombwell, who had been similarly saved by a lioness three years before, has once again cause to believe in the gratitude, memory, and reason stored in the stormy lion heart.

### The Finest of Lion Stories

The incident recalled to the mind of the writer the finest of all lion stories, told to him by Seeth, the great German trainer, some years ago. Seeth had to present a spectacle in Paris representing a scene from the Colosseum arena in Rome, with dummy human figures stuffed with horseflesh and thrown to the lions. His part was to enter the arena when the excitement was at its height, drive the animals from their prey, pacify them, and make them perform.

The lions numbered 19, but of these only six were Seeth's; the 13 others had been hired. According to plan Seeth entered the arena and closed the iron gate behind him. As he did so he slipped on a damp patch of sawdust, falling with his back against the gate, and so preventing its being opened.

A crowd of lions swept down upon him and began to eat him as he lay; but up sprang Seeth's favourite lion, Vulcan, and fought a bitter fight for his master's life; he stood over him and did battle with the whole 18.

### The Valiant Vulcan

One brute could not be driven off; it lay across Seeth's legs, biting horribly. The man lay on his right side, with one arm pinned beneath him, but a crowbar was passed in to him, and with his left hand he drove it clean through the jaws and throat of the lion, killing it.

Eventually Seeth was able to move, and the gate was opened. He recovered, and so did the valiant Vulcan, though the lion's scars were as numerous as the spots of a Dalmatian dog.

Seeth firmly believed in Androcles and his lion. "That lion was simply an earlier Vulcan," he used to say; and Wombwell's lioness seems a later edition true to a noble type.

E. A. B.



## WORKING HARDER THE ONLY WAY TO PROSPERITY

What Masters and Men Alike  
Must Learn

### LESSONS FROM COAL AND COTTON

It is good news that most of the Lancashire cotton mills are working full time again. Unfortunately, there is good ground for believing that the improvement is only temporary.

Mr. J. M. Keynes, the great economist, who has made himself one of the first authorities on the science of industry, is quite sure that Lancashire spinning mills have more spindles than can be permanently employed unless a great increase in the demand for cotton goods can be created by lowering their prices.

#### Short Time No Remedy

But working short time is not the way to lower prices. On the contrary, it increases them. Not less work but more is needed. That is the lesson which masters and men everywhere are learning, slowly but surely. The one cure for the depression that has continued so long after the war in almost every branch of industry is harder work by everybody.

An old idea of trade unionism which has done infinite harm is that the way to make the work go round is for no one to do too much of it. The truth is exactly the opposite. The more a man produces, under fair conditions, the better it is for all, for if one trade is producing cheaply and plentifully it helps other trades to do the same.

#### No Cotton Shortage

The miners have had to make up their minds to work a little longer each day, and so reduce the cost of coal and increase the demand for it. That may mean that some collieries will have to close down through inability to produce cheaply enough, and then those engaged there will have to work at some other trade. But it is better to have fewer people in a trade than to have so many in it that there is not enough demand for their goods to keep them employed.

The cotton trade is having to learn the same lesson. But here, curiously enough, it is the masters who are finding the lesson difficult to accept. When the cotton trade was languishing through a shortage of cotton from America the cotton mills worked short time by agreement between masters and men, because it was known that the shortage was only temporary and that there would soon be enough cotton for everyone. Today there is plenty of raw cotton, but the demand for cotton goods has been so poor that the mills were still working short time till the other day.

#### Cotton Goods Still Wanted

Now, as Mr. Keynes has been pointing out, although short time is a good way of meeting a temporary shortage of raw cotton, it is a very bad way of meeting a shortage in the demand for the finished goods. People want cotton goods as much as ever; the reason they do not demand them is because they are poorer and the goods are dearer. *The only real way to meet that difficulty is to make the goods cheaper.*

Short time, by getting less work out of the mills, makes goods dearer. Here, again, longer hours and harder work are the remedies.

Employers have said hard things about the unwillingness of Labour to put its back into its work. *Ca' canny* they call it. But employers who will not face the necessity for making sacrifices on their own account to cheapen production are not in a position to blame the men. They must say *Ca' canny* to themselves!

## SAVING MILLIONS A Wool-Packing Trouble

The Bradford wool manufacturers have found a way out of a trouble which has been costing them something like two million pounds a year.

The Australian wool clip is bound up in bales with jute fibre, and the manufacturers complain that this fibre works its way into the wool. They have begged the growers to use wool, but the Australians reply that that would be too expensive.

But now a new material, which has none of the disadvantages of jute, has been found by the experts of the British Woollen Federation, and it is proposed to pay a halfpenny a pound more for the wool if this binding is used. Though the wool clip is worth about 800 million pounds a year, it is believed the extra cost will be worth while.

### THE OLD SCHOOL

#### Dulwich and Its Great Book

What finer memorial could a man have of his old school than a complete register of all the men and boys who had passed through it, with an account of what they had done in after life?

Dulwich College has produced such a register in celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the death of its founder, Edward Alleyn. It contains brief biographies of the nineteen headmasters, the governors, wardens, and fellows of the school since its foundation, and as many as possible of the scholars.

Three thousand Old Alleynians fought in the war, and 600 lost their lives. Men of eminence in every walk of life are represented among the eleven thousand boys in this book, an inspiration to all future Alleynians.

The book has been edited by Colonel T. L. Ormiston, and we hope it will have many imitators.

### HOUSES OF CORK

#### An Experiment in Kent's Coalfield

Among the great number of new houses required for the men to work the new Kent coalfield are some that are being built on a novel plan.

The walls are six inches thick apart from the inner half-inch coating of plaster. The outer three inches are of concrete, while next to the plaster are two inches of compressed cinder, called breeze. Between the concrete and the breeze is one inch of compressed cork! The whole is built solidly about a steel frame, the cork taking the place of the usual air-space in the wall.

The cork, being a non-conductor of heat, keeps the heat in in winter and keeps it out in summer, and those already in occupation are proving very comfortable on that account. Over a hundred have been built during the past twelve months, and 200 more are under construction.

### THE NEXT WAR

#### Why it Would be the Last

Two soldiers have been reminding us of what would happen in the next war.

Colonel G. M. Lindsay says the automatic fire that an army division could keep up is three times as great now as at the Armistice, and that troops marching through a gassed area would now lose ninety per cent of their numbers. Therefore armies must not march afoot in future, but must ride to battle in tanks.

But what about attack from the air? Lord Thomson says that not only foot soldiers but even tanks will be out of the next war, for it will be fought in the air, and the casualties in the sky will be four out of five.

It is clearer and clearer that "the next war" would be the last, for civilisation could not survive it.

## FIVE YEARS WITH FIGURES

### BIG TASK OF THREE MEN

Helping the Railways to Pay  
Their Way

### HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF POUNDS FOR GOODS

Three able men have been at work for five years deciding what the railway companies shall charge the public.

These three men are known as the Railway Rates Tribunal. They were appointed when the Government gave up control of the railways after the war. It was believed that by grouping the railways under four companies economies would be made of which the public would reap the benefit in the shape of reduced rates; but in order to make the shareholders feel secure it was promised that the rates should be calculated so as to yield the same net revenue on capital as in the year before the war.

#### What Railways Earn

It was to carry out this promise that the Tribunal was appointed. First of all it had to find what the revenue for 1913 really was, and this was not so easy as it sounds. Then the companies had to be invited to submit rates which they thought would bring in such a revenue, calculated at a little under 200 million pounds a year for the four companies. Rates had to be calculated for all sorts of goods packed in all sorts of ways and carried all sorts of distances.

It took the companies two years to draw up their lists, and it has taken the Tribunal over three years to consider them and to hear the evidence of the people who wanted them altered.

#### The New Charges

Now the Tribunal has issued its decision. The rates it has sanctioned are practically the same for each company, yet they are to produce for each its own particular share of the total revenue, from the 80 millions of the L.M.S. down to the 23 millions of the Southern. If the revenues actually produced from these new charges prove either too high or too low they will have to be altered accordingly.

Roughly, the charges work out at 60 per cent above pre-war rates, against a little over 50 per cent charged now. They have been as high as 100 per cent. Workmen's tickets will be cheaper and ordinary tickets dearer. Broadly speaking, the rates on food will be higher and those on livestock and minerals lower.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The other day a New York schoolgirl found a ten-cent piece coined in 1783. It is worth about sixty pounds.

#### Martin Luther

A namesake and direct descendant of Martin Luther is reported to have settled in Western Canada.

#### Stationmaster's 100th Birthday

Mr. John Jones, of Crickieth, the oldest retired stationmaster in Great Britain, has celebrated his 100th birthday.

#### From Nelson's Ship

A gavel and block made of copper and oak from Nelson's Victory have been presented to the Portsmouth Corporation by Rear-Admiral Thesiger.

#### The Eagle and the Ring

An eagle has been caught on the south coast of Asia Minor wearing a ring stating that it was released during a zoological congress at Riga six years ago.

#### A Little Boat's Great Journey

The fishing-boat Jane Wright, 90 feet long, has sailed 13,000 miles from England to Australia in a little under six months.

#### Footprints in the Snow

News has been received from Cauterets, in the Hautes-Pyrénées, that two bears have left their trace in the mountains, and search parties have started to track them.

## POOR JIGGS A TEAR FOR A SERGEANT MAJOR

The Little Fellow Wrapped in  
the Stars and Stripes

### HOW THEY KILLED HIM

America's most-beloved bulldog, Sergeant-Major Jiggs of the Marines, has just died of eating too much; but he has been buried with military honours, the Stars and Stripes round his coffin.

Jiggs was not always Sergeant-Major. He rose from the ranks like anyone else. He joined the army in Philadelphia about five years ago, and was soon serving with the Marines. He became the military mascot of the States. Wherever the Marines went Jiggs went, with his determined tooth and his bow legs.

After a time Jiggs was recommended for promotion and made N.C.O. Jiggs took it all in his stride; in fact, he was a little bored when anyone wanted him to wear all his medals. It was not his way to show enthusiasm, being of an ancient British pedigree, and, apart from that, he became the guest of so many strange companies, and wandered about such a lot, that nothing could surprise him.

#### Too Much Kindness

During those five years he travelled a hundred thousand miles in ships, in roaring express, in aeroplanes. No one in America had better sea legs. It was a fine sight to see Jiggs standing square, facing a squall, when admirals were hanging on to bulkheads and cabin doors and anything that came handy.

And now he is dead. Poor Jiggs! He was only seven. If anyone with a firm hand had rationed him a year ago, and made it quite clear that the friends who fed him too much were his bitterest enemies, Jiggs might have been alive now, and he would have enjoyed that much better than a grand funeral.

#### The Last Post

He died in hospital in Washington, after four animal doctors and a nurse had done their best to save him. His grave is in the great Stadium at Quantico, Maryland, near the mouth of the Potomac River. His coffin was carried to the grave on a gun-carriage, and put down in the ground just as the Sun sank out of sight. The bugler played the American Last Post, a squad fired a salute, and the Marines marched sadly back to barracks.

We hope, if ever they have another dog, they will remember the lesson of Jiggs and not feed him to death.

## 15,000 MILES ON A HORSE Argentine Rider's Adventure

Who would care to ride 15,000 miles on horseback? Such is the task an Argentine horseman, Mr. A. F. Tschiffely, has set himself.

What is more, he has actually completed more than a third of the distance, and the Argentine Government, which has lent him its support, is keenly interested in his ride.

Mr. Tschiffely, who is of Swiss descent, is 31 years old. He intends riding all the way from Buenos Aires to New York, and is using as his mounts two of the famous breed of Criollo horses. He left the Argentine capital on April 22, and reached Medellin, in Colombia, in November, having travelled 5000 miles in about seven months of arduous journeying, which included the crossing of the Andes in Bolivia at a height of 16,000 feet in a blinding snowstorm. At Medellin he gave his horses a good rest, and then went on to Panama, where he arrived in the middle of December.



## THE INVISIBLE BARRIER OF AIR HOW IT HOLDS BACK WATER

### What Happened When It Gave Way in a Tunnel Shaft

#### FIVE MEN LOST

Five men have lost their lives in a tunnel shaft which was being sunk at the Electric Generating Station at Deptford Green.

The tunnel toward which the men were sinking the shaft was to have led to the Thames, from which water was to have been taken to the electric station; and the preliminary shaft was therefore for a great part of its depth below the water level.

Consequently the clay and sand through which it was being sunk were saturated with water. It would not be possible to dig a deep pit in the ordinary way through such moist material, and a steel shaft is sunk instead in a special way.

#### Working in Compressed Air

The shaft is made up of steel cylinders bolted one on to the other, which are pushed down into the clay soil as we might push a scoop into cheese. One cylinder fits on to another like the lid on to the top of a wooden pencil-case, or—somewhat like the way the sections of a drawn-out telescope fit one another. The difference is that the sections do not overlap, but fit, and are bolted on to one another.

When the second or third or succeeding section is driven down an iron door is bolted on, so as to leave the bottom section of all separated from the others. Compressed air is then pumped into it, while the men go on digging.

We have said that the soil through which the shaft is driven is saturated with water. This cannot trickle or rush into the sides of the shaft because they are of steel. But it can come up through the open bottom of the shaft where the men are digging, and it will if nothing is done to prevent it. The lower the shaft is sunk the greater the pressure becomes.

#### The Water Breaks In

The object of pumping compressed air into the bottom section is to keep the water back by air pressure. The pumping provides an air-shield. The men can see water beneath their feet striving to get at them, but it is kept at bay by this invisible barrier of air.

The way an accident happens, as at Deptford, is when a sudden rush of water finds a hole in the defence, or proves too strong for the invisible shield, which was in this case pressing it back at an extra 13 pounds to the square inch (or 28 to the square inch in all when the atmospheric pressure is reckoned). Very heavy air pressures in the air-lock of the lowest cylinder, or caisson, have been known to blow a hole in the river-bed where a tube was being laid—as when the Bakerloo Tube was laid at Charing Cross. But the pressure at Deptford would usually be thought enough. Water broke in against it, and the air-shield was smashed up almost as if by an explosion.

## HEARING A VOICE A MILE ABOVE

### A Plane Experiment

The other day an American aeroplane was equipped with powerful amplifying apparatus in order to see whether the pilot could be heard on the ground without receivers.

Even when the plane was at heights varying from a thousand feet to a mile the pilot's voice could be distinctly heard.

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

### Nelson's Column

Nelson's Column completed January 31, 1867.

It has long been the fashion to say that the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square is ugly. British artists deride it and French artists say "Oh, those English!"

The shafts of sarcasm do not pierce us in the least. Nelson's Column is one of the most beloved objects in the whole Empire; it may be called Mid-Victorian and dowdy, it is, nevertheless, one of our treasures. The way to approach it is from Whitehall, on one of those perfect days in the English spring when clouds drift lightly across a pale blue sky and the fountains are playing in the Square.

#### Love for the Classic Style

Behind rises the long, dignified mass of the National Gallery, with its charming little dome, and in spite of the traffic surging between the visitor can have a glimpse of the fine base of the monument sturdy and powerful, which counteracts the height of the column.

This enormous shaft is 142 feet high. The column is of fluted granite, hewn in the Corinthian style. When the Nelson monument was planned there was in England a strong wave of love for the classic style, and a great many buildings and statues were set up in this manner. In accordance with this fashion the column was copied from one in the temple of Mars at Rome.

The base of the shaft, a huge, four-square block, is adorned with large metal reliefs, executed by four different sculptors and designers, Watson, Woodington, Ternmouth, and Carew. These extremely interesting tales in bronze are connected with Nelson's campaigns, and tell the story of the Battles of St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and the death of Nelson.

#### Landseer's Lions

A colossal statue of Nelson surmounts this column. It was carved by E. H. Baily, a Bristol man, who was one of the many sculptors producing good but not great work about a hundred years ago. All the merits of the figure are, of course, lost to the general eye. Nelson up there is not so much a statue as an idea, a memory, a hero,

Aloft and alone

Sailing the sky.

With one arm and one eye.

About 20 years after the monument was set up, Sir Edwin Landseer set about the work which gives the finishing touch to the monument. Those four bronze lions are truly heroic, and apart from their merit as sculpture they save the column from looking too long and absurd. They fling out a mass of weight at the four corners, and give it that without which all columns tend to look foolish—a strong and heavy base.

#### Sentimental Pictures

Landseer had a peculiar place in the mind of the British public of his day. It has been said shrewdly, and not without justice, that he was dearly loved by that part of the English nation who loved pictures and knew nothing of art.

He had the makings of an excellent draughtsman, and his whole love was given to animals. But about half-way through his career he began to work with an eye to sentimental effects. He is the outstanding example of his generation of a man who painted not so much pictures as titles. His Dignity and Impudence had a success, and still has a success, because of its title rather than because of the dogs, which are drawn with a certain amount of merit.

Landseer gave seven years to these great British lions which guard the British Hero. It seemed to the people who loved the monument that it was a long time passing through the last stage of erection. The lions were put in place on January 31, 1867.

## TO SPEAK THEIR OWN LANGUAGE

### Farøe Islanders Insist on Their Rights

The Farøe Islands, which lie between Shetland and Iceland, are so remote and so sparsely inhabited that they do not often come into the news.

But something of interest has happened there, for the church services are to be conducted partly in the Old Norse language instead of in Danish.

This is interesting because Old Norse, which is spoken hardly anywhere else, is the popular tongue of these decent and industrious shepherds, although the official language, spoken in the law courts and the schools, and until now in the churches, is Danish. But henceforth on every second Sunday at High Mass the tongue of the people is to be used. Such is the decision of the Danish bishop, who is the highest ecclesiastical authority in the 22 islands. All the congregations of the islands appealed to him for the concession, and he could not very well refuse it.

Now we shall see whether the change goes any farther. It is natural that the islanders, who have a strong national tradition, for they and their ancestors have lived on the same farms for centuries, should wish to save their ancestral tongue from being forgotten, and perhaps the next move will be to introduce it into the schools.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

### Are Brazil Nuts Good for Amazon Parrots?

Yes, most nuts are good for them, but the Brazil nuts should be cracked first.

### Is a Will Signed and Witnessed on a Sunday Valid?

Yes, if all the legal requirements in connection with signing and attestation are carried out.

### What are Growing Pains?

This is a popular name for pains in the limbs complained of by young persons, but as pain is never caused by growth the pains should be investigated, as they are due to rheumatism or some other cause.

### What is the Hottest Thing in the Universe?

Professor Eddington of Cambridge has calculated that the temperature of the inside of a star of a type similar to our Sun is over 12 million degrees. This is incalculably hotter than anything hitherto conceived.

### Who Reformed the Julian Calendar, and When?

In 1582 Pope Gregory XIII, with the aid of Aloysius Lilius, reformed the Julian Calendar. This was adopted in different countries at various dates; in England not till 1752.

### From What Does Petroleum Oil Originate?

The origin of petroleum is still uncertain. Some scientists think it is the result of purely chemical action on inorganic substances, others that it results from animal remains, and others that it comes from vegetable remains.

### Is It True that Horsehairs Come to Life in Water?

No; the superstition is due to the fact that there are small water creatures that are as thin as horsehairs, and these seen wriggling in the water were supposed to be horsehairs changed into very thin worms.

### Would People on Mars Look Up or Down at the Earth?

Up and down are only relative terms. To see a distant heavenly body we always look up, and it would be the same on Mars. Our feet are toward the centre of the Earth, and so are an Australian's, but we both look up at the sky.

### What Was the Actual Shape of the Cheruoin on the Ark of the Covenant?

No one can say, for no description is given in the Bible, though certain things are said about cherubim, the language being highly figurative. The representation of them as human beings with several pairs of wings has no justification or authority.

## PLANETS NEARING ONE ANOTHER

### BEAUTIFUL SIGHT IN THE TWILIGHT SKY

### Two Worlds Appear Close to the Crescent Moon

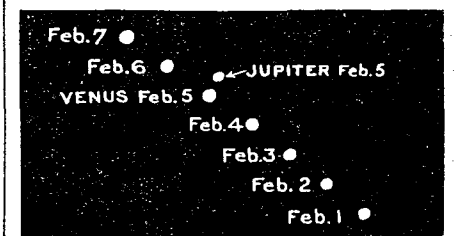
### PROBLEM OF THE VENUS DAY

By the C.N. Astronomer

Next week the evening sky in the south-west will be particularly interesting owing to the presence of the crescent Moon in close proximity to Venus and Jupiter, and also to the fact that these two planets will appear exceptionally close together.

About half an hour after sunset on Thursday the thin crescent of the Moon will be seen a little to the left of where the Sun went down, while to the right of and above the lunar crescent, about eight times the Moon's width away, Venus will be found. At about the same distance from the Moon and almost above her will be Jupiter, the two planets being only about four times the Moon's diameter apart, the whole group presenting a lovely spectacle in the lingering sunset.

They will all be low down near the horizon, the Moon setting at 6.18 and Venus and Jupiter a few minutes later.



The position of Venus relative to Jupiter on the dates shown

By the next evening the Moon will be away to the left and higher in the sky, but Venus and Jupiter will still be there and much closer together, until by Saturday evening, February 5, they will be so close that the Moon could only just pass between them, Jupiter being above Venus.

They will appear like two lovely celestial lamps suspended in the twilight sky. The difference in colour will be most marked, the pale golden hue of Jupiter being in strong contrast to the white lustre of Venus, which is so much brighter. If this particular evening is not fine they should be looked for on the next, the picture showing the position of Venus relative to Jupiter and her path for several nights. Both are travelling in the same direction, but Jupiter's motion is too small to be indicated.

By Sunday, February 6, these worlds will have apparently moved apart, Venus being then to the left of Jupiter. Thus they will continue to separate, Jupiter dipping down toward where the Sun has set till in a fortnight he will have gone from naked eye visibility.

### Venus as the Evening Star

Venus, however, will continue to ascend higher in the sky, and will become the Evening Star—a glorious object throughout the spring and summer as she rapidly approaches the Earth. For Venus is rushing toward us at 22 miles a second, and so gaining on our world at the rate of 250 miles a minute, the Earth travelling away from Venus at nearly 19 miles a second at present, but on the outside curve of their never-ending orbital tracks.

Venus is now about 145 million miles away, but in five months she will have reduced this distance by a hundred million miles, when she will be the nearest world to our own. In the meantime great efforts will be made by astronomers to discover sufficient evidence to settle the questions of the period of her rotation and the length of her day. G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the morning Saturn south-east. In the evening Jupiter and Venus south-west, Mars south.



## S.O.S.

CHAPTER 50  
Night Work

SAM said he reckoned they would have to swim for it.

"Swim!" echoed Jim. "We'd be tangled in those weeds and taken by an alligator before we'd gone two strokes."

"We must do something," said Sam. "Those chaps are only just above the next bend and coming like smoke, and by the sound there are two or three canoes."

"Catch this!" came a hissing whisper from the tree, and next instant a coil of rope fell across the boat. Jim grabbed it desperately. It tightened, and drew the dugout through the tangle of weeds and right under the great, spreading branches.

"Sit tight!" came the whisper again, and now Jim recognised Greg's voice. He and Sam sat like statues as three dark shadows came shooting downstream, paddles working like clockwork. They hardly dared to breathe until the Indians were some way off.

"You chaps have given us a nice scare," came Greg's voice from above.

"We've got a canoe, anyhow," returned Sam.

"I see you have, but we shall have to leave it, for if those Indians get to our camp before we do there'll be all kinds of trouble."

"We're not going to lose this boat," said Sam; "not after the job we've had to get it. See here! Let's pull her up and hide her in the grass. I don't reckon they'll find her there."

"We'll try it," said Greg; "but be quick."

Jim and Sam scrambled out on to the bank; then all three got hold of the canoe and hauled her by main force in among the great, twisted roots of the tree. It was a horribly snaky place, but there was no time to think of that, and they packed her away.

"I'm a Dutchman if they'll ever find her there," growled Sam. "Now for the camp. Do you know the way, Greg?"

"I'm not sure," Greg confessed. "Zambo knew that Indians had got you, and made us put out the fire; but once we're up the bluff we're bound to hit the camp."

Cold chills raced up Jim's spine as they walked single file through the lush grass, but it was not of Indians he was thinking; it was snakes. He sighed with relief when at last they blundered up on top of the bank and found themselves on the prairie. Even then it was a job to find the camp, and in the end it was Zambo who found them.

A few minutes later they were all five gathered round the black ashes of their fire, talking in eager whispers. Jim told quickly what had happened, and the Professor at once asked Zambo for his opinion. Zambo said they were safe enough where they were for the night, for the Indians would not land in the dark. They were afraid of panthers. But in the morning he thought they would be on the warpath.

"Nice game for us," remarked Greg. "Even if they don't wipe us out we shall waste all our cartridges."

"Why should we wait for 'em?" demanded Sam. "Let's stay here till they've gone back to their camp, then get our kit into the canoe and shove off. We'll be miles away before they start after us."

"But we can never load up in the dark," said Greg in dismay.

"We don't have to," returned Sam. "The Moon rises about two."

"Sam is right," said the Professor quickly. "I had forgotten. I think his plan a good one, and if Zambo approves we'll adopt it."

Zambo did approve, and, what was more, offered to watch while the rest got a little sleep.

The Wireless Mystery  
By T. C. BridgesCHAPTER 51  
Marking Time

THE pale light of a Moon in her last quarter is better than none at all, yet is hardly enough to pack up a lot of kit and carry it half a mile down a steep slope, through heavy, snake-infested grass. What made their task the harder was that they had first to put Sam's land-boat in as safe a place as they could find, for if they came back that way they knew they might need it.

The business took them the best part of two hours, but somehow they managed it. Then, using two rough paddles which Sam had shaped from the bottom planks of the land-boat, they started downstream. It was still more than an hour before dawn, and the faint moonlight was not enough to show sandbanks or rapids. But the feeling that they had a good boat under them and some hundreds of miles of navigable water ahead put new heart into them, and they drove along in fine style.

They had gone about three miles when Sam nudged Jim and pointed to a dull glow at some distance from the right-hand bank.

"Gadsden's camp fire," he muttered.

Jim chuckled.

"What a sell for him! He'll never dream we've passed him."

"I don't reckon he'll ever know it," said Sam. "I wonder how long he'll be building his boat."

"Zambo says he can do it in a day," said Jim. "It won't be a boat, just a sort of raft, but even a day will give us a big start," he added thoughtfully.

They were miles down the river when the Sun rose in a glory of pink and gold, and just as the first rays struck across the calm river the Professor noticed a deer drinking, and with one quick, clever shot brought it down.

Zambo grunted contentedly as they beached the boat on a bank of shingle. "We grub here," he announced, and, taking a big knife, started to skin and butcher the animal. They were all desperately hungry, and there are few things so good as freshly-broiled venison steaks.

When they had finished and had a good wash they started again, two paddling, the other three resting. They took two-hour spells, and so kept moving all the morning. Toward midday the river narrowed between high banks, the current grew stronger, and they heard a dull roaring ahead.

"Think big fall," said Zambo briefly. "We stop and look."

It wasn't a fall but a rapid, where the swift water roared and thundered in white foam among black rocks, and though Sam would have been willing to try to run it Zambo said it was too risky, and they must make a portage. Everything had to be landed; they had to make a trail through the thick bush and carry the stuff to the lower end of the rapid. Then they had to get the dugout down the rapid at the end of a rope. In spite of every care she got a nasty bump on a rock, and when she reached the bottom was found to be leaking badly.

Sam looked blue when he had examined her. "She's badly holed," he announced.

"But we can mend her," said Greg.

"Yes; but it's going to be a job," Sam told him. "We shall have to cut down a tree and saw out a piece to patch her with. We'll be lucky if we get off again in twenty-four hours."

"That means losing all our start," said Jim ruefully.

"At any rate, we have the rapid between us and Gadsden," said the Professor cheerfully. "Let us be thankful it is no worse."

Sam was right. It took the rest of that day and most of the next to repair the damage, and there were only two hours of daylight left when they were able to load up again.

While they did so Zambo went back through the woods to the head of the rapid to scout. There was a queer look on his brown face when he returned. "Big foot man, him up top," he told them. "Think him going run boat down rapid. Him balsa very strong."

"What's a balsa?" demanded Greg.

"A sort of raft," the Professor told him, and turned to Zambo. "How many men has he got?" he asked.

Zambo held up five fingers and a thumb.

"Six," said Jim. "I say, we'd best shove on, hadn't we?"

"The quicker the better," answered the Professor, as he picked up a paddle.

They had made two more paddles, and with four going at once the dugout went away at a great rate. By nightfall they were seven or eight miles from the foot of the rapid, and, finding a good place for a camp, stopped, cooked supper, and turned in. A watch was kept all night, but there was no sign of Gadsden.

They were up at dawn, and while Zambo cooked breakfast Greg, taking a pair of field-glasses, climbed a great ceiba tree, from the top of which he could get a good view of the surrounding country.

"Did you see him?" Jim asked eagerly, as Greg dropped from the lowest branch.

"I saw smoke," Greg answered. "So far as I could tell the fire was at the foot of the rapids."

"Then the fellow got down safely," said Jim in a very disappointed tone.

"Looks like it," agreed Greg.

"It's poor luck losing all our start," said Jim. "And by this time the beggar probably knows we're ahead of him. I wish we could find some way of stopping him."

"We'll do that all right," said Greg. "And anyhow we can travel faster than he. Let's get to it."

They got to it, and went away at a good rate down the river. But before they had gone more than a mile the river changed completely. From being swift and clear the current turned sluggish and muddy, the trees on the banks were taller and thicker, and a heavy, ill-smelling mist hung over the oily-looking surface of the water.

"Him big swamp," explained Zambo briefly.

CHAPTER 52  
Zambo is Scared

JIM looked about. He saw huge tree roots, twisted like snakes, stretching far out into the quiet water, and here and there an alligator's head floating on the surface.

"A nasty sort of place," whispered Sam to Jim, but Jim did not reply, merely nodded. After

that the silence was broken only by the dip and fall of the paddles and an occasional harsh croak from some sort of water-bird that swam jerkily among the great rafts of rotting weed. The river grew still narrower and deeper, and the malarial mist seemed heavier. The dugout swung round a bend, and suddenly Zambo, who had been sitting like a statue in the bow, flung up his hand. "Stop!" he said hoarsely.

The others stopped paddling. "What is the matter?" demanded the Professor.

Zambo merely pointed, but Jim saw that his brown face had gone yellow, and that his eyes seemed to be starting from his head.

"Why, he's scared!" he muttered.

"I don't blame him," said Sam in a low voice. "Look at that!"

Jim looked. At first all he saw was a huge dead tree which had fallen from the left-hand bank, and the crown of which had caught in the top of an equally large tree on the opposite bank, so that it lay across the water at an angle of forty-five degrees. As he looked more carefully it seemed to him that the trunk of this dead tree was strangely shaped. Then suddenly he gave a sharp gasp as the truth burst upon him. This was a monstrous snake, a snake so huge that while its head was thirty feet above the water its tail hung in the river.

"So you've spotted it at last?" said Sam.

"It's a python," gasped Jim.

"An anaconda," said the Professor. "Heavens, what a monster! Give me my rifle, Greg."

Zambo swung round and broke into a torrent of frightened words. It was the first time that anyone had seen the guide show signs of fright, and it was rather terrible to see him in such a panic.

"He wants us to go back," said the Professor. "I tell him I can shoot it, but he says a bullet will not kill it, and that even if it does its mate will attack us."

"But we can't go back, Dad," said Greg sharply. "Tell him it's impossible."

The Professor spoke again to Zambo, but the man answered more vehemently than before. The Professor had always seemed to Jim to be the kindest, most easy-going of men, but now his face hardened and took a determined look. "Greg," he said curtly, "you and Sam be ready if necessary to hold Zambo. Jim, take a paddle and work the boat slowly forward. When I give the word stop and steady her."

All obeyed orders instantly, and Zambo, realising that the Professor meant exactly what he said, made no attempt to resist. But a look of despair came into his eyes. "We all die," he said hoarsely.

The monstrous snake made no movement as the boat crept softly and silently toward it. Jim's heart was thumping, but his paddle strokes were perfectly steady. The mist seemed to magnify the mighty coils wrapped round and round the dead tree, but Jim realised that the creature was at least fifty feet long and that its body was as thick as that of a man. He reckoned that it weighed well over a ton. Nearer they came and nearer, until they were close enough to see the head, which in itself was nearly two feet long, and the narrow green, unwinking eyes. The Professor raised his hand, and Jim stopped paddling and backed water until the boat lay almost motionless on the sluggish tide. Raising his rifle to his shoulder, the Professor took careful and deliberate aim.

The others held their breath as they watched, for they knew that if any mistake were made, if the Professor's aim were not perfect, and if he failed to smash the giant snake's spine with his first bullet Zambo's prediction was certain to come true. All these yards of living death would be launched at them with a fury that nothing short of a cannon could stop.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

## Sally Lunns

HAROLD TINDALL could hardly believe his ears as he stood behind the bushes which divided the cricket pitch from the playing-fields.

"It's quite easy," Simpson was saying. "I heard old Mrs. Groves telling the baker she was having a little party, and she ordered two Sally Lunns and a currant cake."

"But it would be stealing, wouldn't it?" another boy asked.

"Oh no!" said Simpson.

"The school provides old Mrs. Groves with food, the same as us, though she is too old to be housekeeper now. So it would only be like taking our own food."

Harold had never heard of anything so mean. Two big boys planning to take a deaf old lady's buns and cakes! He made up his mind to interfere with their plan. So as soon as school was over he walked toward the little house at the end of the courtyard where old Mrs. Groves lived.

He was just in time, for the baker had left a bag and a cardboard box on the doorstep. Picking the parcels up, Harold ran up the stairs and knocked on the door.

A dear old lady with a lace cap over her silvery hair smiled kindly at Harold as she opened the door.

"What do you want, little boy?" she said. "I'm rather deaf, so please to speak clearly."

"The baker left these," Harold explained in a slow, clear voice, "and I thought they would be safer if I brought them in."

"That is very kind of you," said the old lady. "I don't always hear the baker knock, so he leaves my things on the step. Won't you come in?"

Harold entered the little sitting-room. As he looked round he gave a little cry, for above the mantelpiece, in the place of honour, was a portrait of a young man.

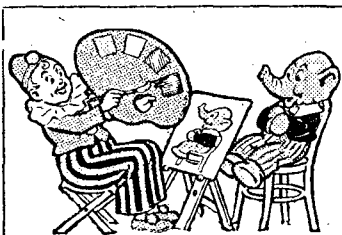
"That's my father!" cried Harold.

"How strange!" said old Mrs. Groves. "Fancy you being Mr. Tindall's son! He was the nicest boy in the whole school in his day, and he used to come here after school and read my adventure books. I often wonder what happened to him, he had such an adventurous spirit."

"He is in India now," said Harold; "but he is coming home soon, and when I have finished school he has promised to take me round the world."

"That will be fine," said the old lady. "If you care to, you may come here, as he did, and look at my books. My husband was a great traveller, and gathered books from all parts of the globe."

Harold was delighted; and he could not help being grateful to Simpson and his companion, mean as they were, for if he had not overheard them talking he would never have become acquainted with his father's old friend.

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Every boy and girl loves the jolly coloured pictures and stories in PUCK. Each copy of this week's issue contains a free Painting Outfit with paints, brush, and palette complete, which can be used to enter a simple painting competition with lots of prizes. Be sure to buy this week's

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## THE BRAN TUB

### A Charade

MY first no life or feeling blesses;  
My second every sense possesses;  
And nothing more affronts my second  
Than when it like my first is reckoned;  
Together they a being show.  
The greatest nuisance that we know.

Answer next week

### The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



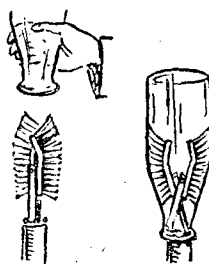
The Yak

This animal is found in Bhutan, the north of Assam, and north-west China. It wanders in herds high up in the mountains, except when snow drives it to lower levels. It is between three and four feet high, and has very thick legs and a short goatlike tail. Its horns first curve outward and then make a sharp turn straight backward.

### Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

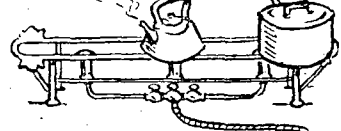
**An Efficient Bottle-Washer.** Here is an apparatus which will effectively



clean the insides of bottles. Two brushes are mounted on the end of a shaft and are held in the closed position by means of a small latch, which is released as it touches the

neck on entering the bottle. Springs then push the brushes apart and against the sides of the bottle, which may thus be easily cleaned.

**A Portable Gas-Stove.** This portable gas-stove is very simple in



construction, and will be found of great use in the house. Although fitted with only three burners extra ones can easily be added at either end.

### Our Portrait Gallery



Pythagoras



Virgil

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### The Loud Speaker

At a performance of Mozart's Don Giovanni a young fop was humming an air from the opera so loudly that he was disturbing all the people about him.

A lover of music, wishing to hear Rubini sing and unable to stand the noise any longer, remarked: "What a wretched fellow!"

"Are you referring to me?" asked the tiresome man.

"No, sir," replied the music lover; "I am referring to that fellow Rubini, who is keeping me from hearing you."

### Is Your Name Clayton?

CLAYTON as a surname clearly comes from the place in which its first holder lived. Ton stands for town, originally an enclosure, and Clay refers to the nature of the soil on which the town stood. Clayton, therefore, was a man living in or by an enclosure on a clay subsoil.

### A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in scribble and also in write,  
My second's in morning and also in night,  
My third is in figure and also in four,  
My fourth is in platform and also in floor.

My fifth is in flower and also in seed,  
My sixth is in follow and also in lead,  
My seventh's in steamer and also in boat.

My eighth is in collar and also in coat,  
My ninth is in water and also in dew,  
My tenth is in modern and also in new,  
My eleventh's in orange and also in green.

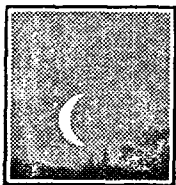
In Paris by every tourist I'm seen.

Answer next week

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

STARLINGS are resorting to buildings. The tawny owl is heard hooting.

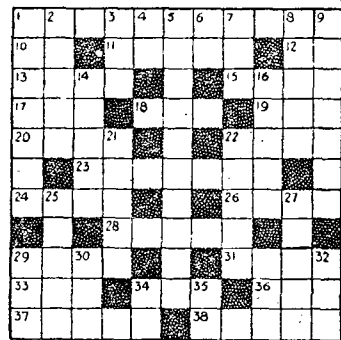
The chaffinch is beginning to sing. The flocks of greenfinches which have been seen lately are now breaking up. House flies begin to appear on windows on sunny days. Hive bees are leaving their hives and flying about. The spurge laurel, daisy, and winter aconite are in flower, and many snowdrops are now out.



Looking South 9 a.m., Jan. 30

### Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 42 words or recognised abbreviations in this cross-word puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. Without obligation to others. 10. Missouri (abbrev.). 11. Lift. 12. Interjection of surprise. 13. Needy. 15. Town with famous leaning tower. 17. Scottish river. 18. Where pigs live. 19. A place of retreat. 20. A kind of plank. 22. Found in the schoolroom. 23. A stringed instrument. 24. A vessel. 26. Employed. 28. Small clouds of smoke. 29. The red planet. 31. Where the Sun rises. 33. The first woman. 34. A poem. 36. Inhabitant of convent. 37. At no time. 38. Species of civet cat.

**Reading Down.** 1. Retards. 2. A snare. 3. To make mistakes. 4. Child's name for father. 5. Congress of Welsh bards. 6. Nova Scotia (abbrev.). 7. A time-table abbreviation. 8. Organs of smell. 9. Gratitude expressed. 14. Rare African animal. 16. Notions. 21. Inhabitants of North Scandinavia. 22. Member of a Mohammedan sect. 25. Pull. 27. To happen afterwards. 29. Grown-up boys. 30. Clergyman's title (abbrev.). 32. A high explosive (abbrev.). 34. Heraldic term for gold. 35. For example (abbrev.).

## Jacko Sees Stars

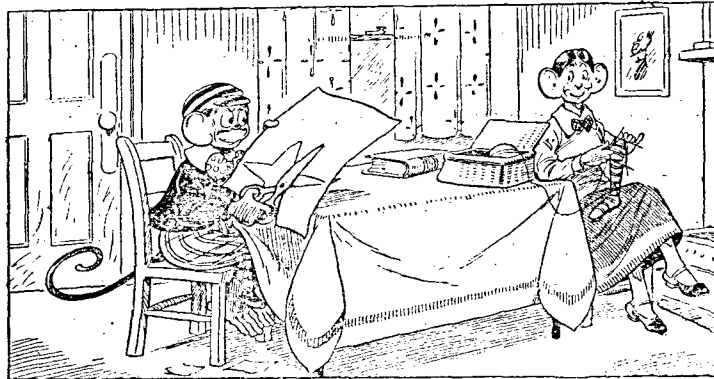
AUNT MATILDA was very impressed when she walked in one afternoon and found Jacko sitting quietly at the table cutting up some cardboard with his mother's big scissors.

"The boy's as good as gold," she told Mrs. Jacko. "I don't know why you are always complaining of his behaviour."

Mrs. Jacko gave a big sigh.

"I don't complain without reason," she said. "You can take my word that when Jacko is quiet it doesn't always mean that he's good. I shouldn't wonder if he isn't up to some mischief at this very moment."

Jacko looked up and grinned. It was quite true; he was up to mischief, though Aunt Matilda wouldn't believe it when she went up to the table and saw what he was doing.



"The boy's as good as gold," said Aunt Matilda

"That's a pretty star you've cut out, my dear," she said approvingly; "and why are you painting it with that funny luminous paint, may I ask?"

"That's telling!" said Jacko. And he popped the star in his pocket and ran out of the room.

Jacko was out of the house in a twinkling. He ran down the street and knocked at the door of Professor Chimp's house.

The Professor was a great friend of his. He beamed through his spectacles when he saw Jacko.

"Come in, my young friend," he said. "I will give you some tea, and then it will be dark enough to go up on the roof and look at the stars through my telescope."

Jacko grinned. There was nothing he liked better than going on the roof and poking his fingers into all the strange instruments the Professor used for the study of astronomy.

The Professor gave Jacko a scrumptious tea and then settled down to a long lecture on the spheres, which Jacko found very dull. He edged nearer and nearer to the door, and at last the Professor took the hint. "Dear me! It is six o'clock," he exclaimed, looking at his watch. And he rushed up on the roof, with Jacko hard on his heels.

It happened to be a specially interesting evening, for the Professor hadn't been looking through the telescope long before he gave a huge leap in the air.

"I see a new star!" he shouted. "I have made a great discovery. I shall become famous!"

But when he looked through the telescope a second time he seemed a bit puzzled. "There's something very strange about that star," he mumbled. "It seems very big."

And so it was, for Jacko was holding it in front of the other end of the telescope!

The Professor was much too clever to be deceived for long, and he suddenly called to Jacko.

"I want you to see the new star," he said cunningly, and he gave Jacko such a box on the ears that that young gentleman saw more stars than he had ever seen in his life before.

## D! MERRYMAN

### Willing to Work

THE Householder: So you're out of work, are you? Then you're just in time. I have a pile of wood I want chopped, and I was just going to send for a man to do it.

The Tramp: Right you are, sir. Tell me where he lives and I'll fetch him.

### Nightmare

A TORTOISE who'd been hibernating complained "It was most irritating

That my dreams should all run On a pastime I shun, And shall never attempt—figure-skating!"

### An Example for Nature

A LADY was looking at an artist's picture of a sunset.

"But I never see anything like this in a real sunset," she said.

"No," replied the artist. "Don't you wish you did?"

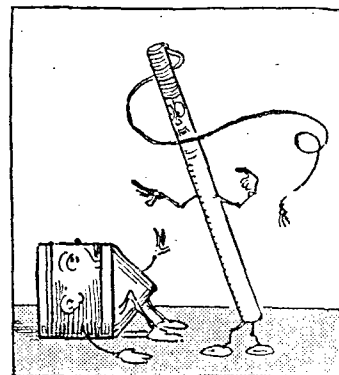
THOSE who have me not do not wish for me; those who have me do not wish to lose me; those who win me have me no longer. A lawsuit.

### A Duel

"I AM told that you have twin baby brothers now," a lady said to a little boy. "Do they cry much?"

"They do!" said the boy in disgust. "Why, each one cries so loud that you can't hear the other."

### Come-Alive Characters



Top and Whip

"I'm much afraid," the Top complained,

"That I am getting slack. I feel inclined to rest all day, stretched out upon my back."

"To cure you of such idleness," his friend replied, "I see a good sound whipping's what you need,

And that you'll get from me!"

### The Courteous King

KING ANTIGONUS, hearing some soldiers complaining of him in insulting terms, came out of his tent and said to them:

"My friends, go and grumble a little farther off, for if I hear you talking thus again I shall be obliged to punish you."

WHAT bird can lift the heaviest weight? The crane.

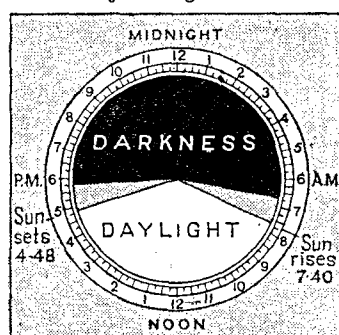
### Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town, and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
London	5775	5615
Glasgow	1654	1880
Birmingham	1237	1223
Belfast	759	712
Edinburgh	544	613
Leeds	538	602
Cardiff	321	315
Plymouth	284	250
Sunderland	277	285
Norwich	172	159
Worcester	59	67
Chester	50	80

The four weeks are up to Jan. 1, 1927.

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

### Wood Turned Into Metal

IF a light wood is transposed, The letters put another way, A heavy metal is disclosed, Now, what's that metal? Can you say?

Answer next week

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### A Charade Cam-o-mile

#### A Puzzle in Rhyme Telephone

#### Changeling

Rock, sock, sack, sank, sand

#### The Broken Proverb

Pride goes before a fall

#### A Word Square

E A S T The Brilliant  
A R E A General was the  
S E E K Duke of Marl-  
T A K E borough.

#### Who Was He?



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

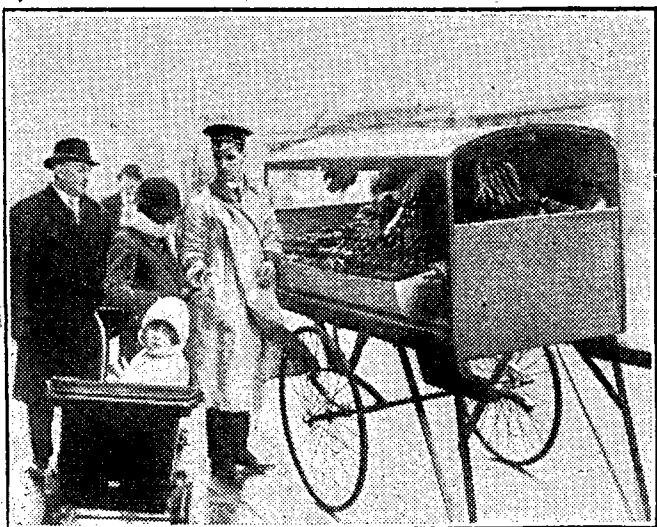
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 29, 1927

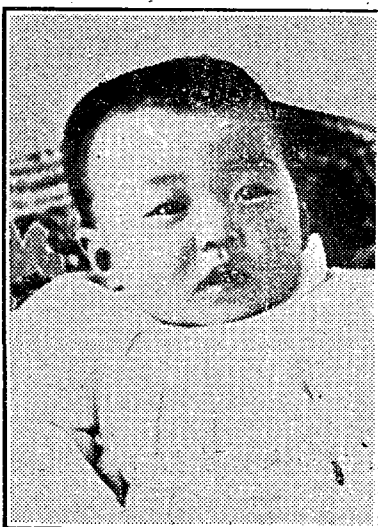
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

## BUS SIGNAL BOX • ADVERTISING THE EMPIRE • STOVE FOR TORTOISES



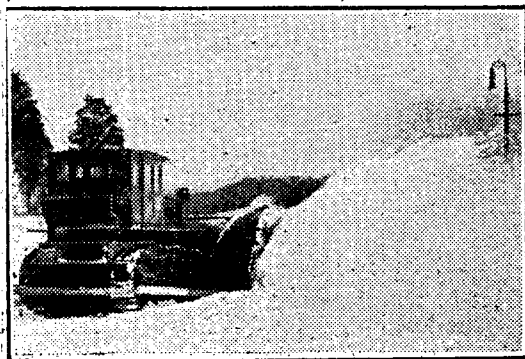
**London's New Street Traders**—A London firm now sends out a hundred uniformed men to sell fresh fruit from these new hand-carts. Unlike the old-fashioned coster's barrow, they are covered to keep the fruit clean.



**Japan's Baby Princess**—This picture of the Emperor of Japan's only child was taken on her first birthday, last month.



**A League of Nations**—There is another League in Switzerland, where these English and German children are enjoying themselves at St. Moritz. The German boys and girls wear brilliantly-coloured jerseys.



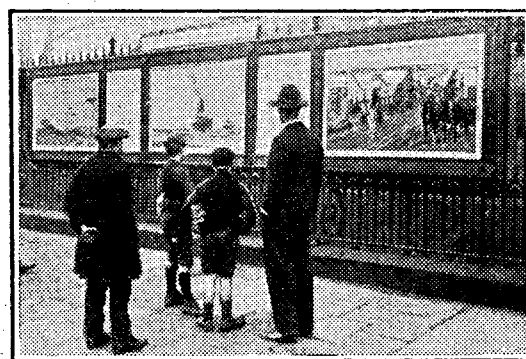
**Snow-Plough for the Road**—After a fall of snow at Boston, in America, the broad streets are cleared by this motor-plough, which throws the snow a distance of twenty feet.



**Signal-Box for a Bus Terminus**—In front of Victoria Station, London, there is a big terminus for buses, and a tower has been built from which the departure of buses is in future to be signalled with coloured lights.



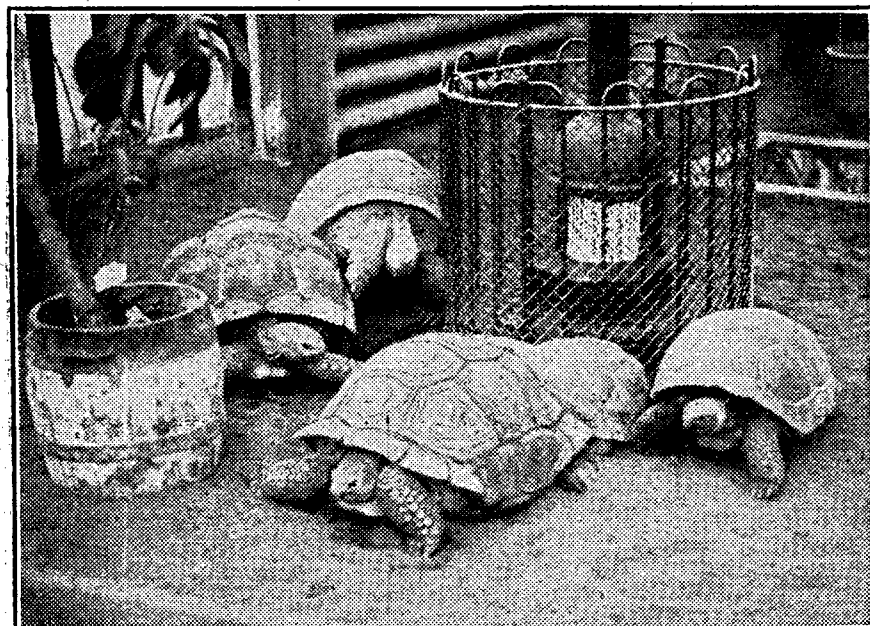
**Masterpiece from a Fish Stall**—At the Royal Academy there is a remarkable exhibition of pictures by the Flemish Old Masters. This portrait by Jan van Eyck of his wife was found in the market at Bruges, where it was being used on a fish stall. See page 2.



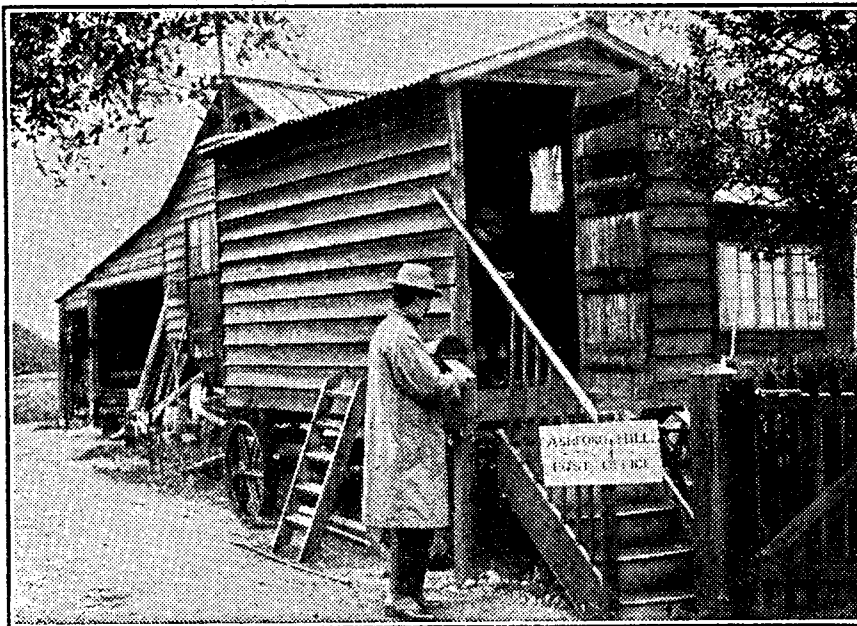
**Advertising the Empire**—A set of posters to encourage the buying of Empire goods has been painted by famous artists, and here we see some of the posters in Whitehall.



**Washing Boadicea's Face**—The splendid bronze statue of Boadicea with her two daughters in a chariot, which stands under the shadow of Big Ben at Westminster Bridge, has lately been cleaned, as seen in this picture.



**Stove for Tortoises**—These tortoises at the London Zoo have a gas-stove during the winter. The first tortoise born in England has been hatched from an egg at Dulwich. See page 1.



**A Caravan Post Office**—The smallest post office in England, at Ashford Hill, Berkshire, was burned down not long ago, and this caravan is now being used as a temporary post office.

## THE STORY OF EARTH'S GREATEST MONUMENT—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these Agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia: Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency, R/R.